

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
The SON of
ULYSSES.

VOL. II.

To which is added
The Adventures of
ARISTONOUS.

L O N D O N:

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THE

ADVENTURES



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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus being engag'd in the War against the King of the Daunians, behaves himself like a rash young Man; he fights with the Son of a certain King, and occasions great Disorder in the Army: He owns his Fault, and gives Ear to Nestor's Advice: He reconciles himself to his Enemy, and they go both together to the War. The first Battle is with Adrastus, wherein tho' he is defeated he rallies his Troops: In this Action Nestor loses his Son Pisistratus. Nestor's Sorrow, and the Lamentation of the whole Army describ'd, as likewise the Funerals of Pisistratus, with

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those of Hippias, who was kill'd likewise in the same Battle.



Telemachus, mean while, signaliz'd his Courage in the Dangers of the War. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it his chief Study to gain the Affection of the old Captains, whose Reputation and Experience were at the heighth. *Nestor*, who had before seen him at *Pylos*, and who had always lov'd *Ulysses*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Instructions, which he confirm'd by divers notable Examples; he related to him all the Adventures of his Youth, and the most remarkable Things he had seen perform'd by the Heroes of the last Age. The Memory of this sage old Man, who had number'd three Ages, was like a History of ancient Times, engrav'd on Marble or Brass. *Philoctetes* at first had not the same Kindness for *Telemachus*: The Hatred he had so long harbour'd against *Ulysses*, gave him a coldness towards his Son, and he could not see without uneasiness what Glories the Gods seem'd to be preparing for this Youth, to make him equal to those Heroes, who had laid *Troy* in Ashes; but at length the winning Deportment of *Telemachus* overcame all the Resentments of *Philoctetes*, and he could no longer forbear loving a Virtue so modest and sweet. He would often take *Telemachus*, and say to him, My Son, (for I no longer scruple to call you so)

I own





The Funeral rites of Hippias.



I own your Father and my self did for a long time entertain a Hatred against each other; I own too that after we had razed *Troy's* proud Walls; my Aversion was not cur'd, and when I saw you, I felt my self under the greatest Difficulties to love you; but Virtue, when it is gentle, simple, ingenuous and modest, is not to be resisted by any thing. Then *Philoctetes* told him he was resolv'd to let him know what it was that had kindled in his Heart so much Hatred against *Ulysses*. To trace, said he, my History a little further up, I accompany'd in all his Travels the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from so many Monsters, and in comparison of whom all other Heroes were but as a feeble Bulrush to a lofty Oak, or the little Birds to an Eagle. That Hero's Misfortunes and mine too, took rise from a Passion which occasions the most terrible Disasters, namely, Love. *Hercules* was a Slave to that shameful Passion, and became the Laughing-stock of that cruel Boy, *Cupid*: He could not without blushing call to mind, that he had once so far forgot his Glory, as to work at the Spinning Wheel with *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, like the most abject and most effeminate of all Men; so great a Command over him had a blind inconsiderate Love: A hundred Times has he confess'd to me, that this Passage of his Life had tarnish'd his Virtue, and almost defac'd the Glory of all his Labours. Nevertheless, he again fell into the Snares of Love, which he had so often detested: If he had been constant to

Deianira his Wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too soon the blooming Youth of *Iole*, on whose Face the Graces were imprinted, stole away his Heart. *Deianira*, burning with Jealousie, bethought her of the fatal Garment that the Centaur *Nessus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible way to awaken the Love of *Hercules*, whenever he seem'd to neglect her for another. But alas! this Garment, full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, contain'd the Poison of the Darts with which that Monster had been pierc'd; for you know that the Arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious Centaur, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lyrnaean* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with so strong a Poyson, that whatever they wound-ed was incurable.

Hercules, having put on this Garment, soon felt the devouring Fire, which insinuated it self even into the very Marrow of his Bones: *Mount Oeta* was amaz'd at his horrible Out-cries, and the deepest Vallies resounded; the Sea itself seem'd troubled at his Groans, which far surpass'd the Bellowings of two fierce Bulls, in their dreadful Combats: The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Deianira*, presuming to approach him, *Hercules* in the heighth of his Pain, whirl'd him round as a Slinger does a Stone which he is going to throw at a great distance from him. Thus *Lychas* being hurl'd from the top of a Mountain by the strong Arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidst the Waves
of

Book VII. of TELEMACHUS. 7

of the Sea, where he was presently changed into a Rock, which still preserves its humane Shape, and which being incessantly beaten by the angry Billows, frightens from afar the wary Pilot.

After the Misfortune of *Lychas* I judg'd it not safe to trust my self to *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding my self in the deepest Caverns of the Earth; I observ'd how easily he with one Hand pluck'd up by the Roots the lofty Firs and aged Oaks, which for many Centuries had defy'd the roaring Winds and most impetuous Storms, and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his Back the fatal Garment; it was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were incorporated to his Limbs, and as he rent it he tore his Skin and Flesh: His Blood, in flowing Streams, moisten'd the Earth; at length, his Virtue surmounting his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou seest, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which the Gods make me suffer; they are justly inflicted; I have offended them, I have violated my conjugal Love. After having overcome so many Enemies, I have basely suffer'd my self to be vanquish'd by the Love of a beautiful Stranger. I perish, and am content to perish, to appease the Wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear Friend, Whither flyest thou? 'Tis true, the Excess of my Pain made me commit upon the unhappy *Lychas* an Act of Cruelty which I upbraid my self for: He was ignorant of the Poyson he brought me; he did not deserve the Treatment I gave him:

But dost thou believe that I can forget the Friendship I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? No, sure I shall never cease to love *Philoctetes*: He shall receive into his Bosom my Soul that is now upon the Wing, and he shall gather up my Ashes. Where art thou then, my dear *Philoctetes*, *Philoctetes*, the only Hope that is left me here below? At these Words I ran towards him; he holds out his Arms to embrace me, but presently drew them back, for fear he should kindle in my Breast the same devouring Fire with which himself was burnt up. Alas! says he, I dare not embrace thee; even that Consolation is no longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all the Trees he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile, upon the top of the Mountain: He calmly ascends the Pile, spreads the Skin of the *Nemean* Lyon with which he so long had wrapt his Shoulders as a Mantle whilst he travell'd from one Corner of the Earth to the other to destroy Monsters and rescue the Unfortunate: He leans upon his Club, and desires me to set Fire to the Pile. My trembling and abhorrent Hands could not refuse him this cruel Office; for his Life was now no longer to be reckon'd a Gift of the Gods, so irksome was it to him: Nay, I fear'd lest the Extremity of his Pain should transport him to do some Action unworthy of that Virtue which had amaz'd the World. As soon as he saw the Flame begin to catch; Now, says he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the Sincerity of thy Friendship;
for

for thou lovest my Honour more than my Life, and may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have most valuable on Earth, namely, these Arrows, that were dipt in the Blood of the *Lyrnean* Hydra. Thou knowest that the Wounds they give are incurable; by them thou shalt be invincible as I have been, nor shall any Mortal dare to attack you. Remember I dye thy faithful Friend, and may'st thou never forget how dear thou hast been to me. But if thou art really affected by my Misfortunes, it is in thy Power to give me one Consolation, tho' it be the last; by promising never to discover to any Mortal either my Death, or the Place where thou hidest my Ashes. I promis'd him, nay, I swore it; and at the same time bedew'd his Funeral Pile with my Tears! A flash of Joy darted from his Eyes, but on a sudden a tow'ring Flame involv'd him round, stifled his Voice, and robb'd me almost of the sight of him, but yet I could see him thro' the Flames, with a Countenance as serene as if he had been sitting with his Friends at a delicious Banquet, crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with Perfumes. The Fire quickly consum'd his Earthly and Mortal Part, and soon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his Birth from his Mother *Alcmena*: But by the Decree of *Jupiter*, he still preserv'd untouch'd that subtil and immortal Substance, that Cœlestial Spark, which is the true Principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods, to whom he went, and with whom he walk'd beneath

the gilded Arches of the glittering *Olympus*; there he quaffs Nectar, and there the Gods gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddess of Youth, and whose Office was to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that Honour.

To return to what concerns my self, the Arrows which he left me with a design to raise me above all Heroes have been an inexhaustible Fountain of Mischief to me; for now the confederate Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris* for the Rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the Empire of *Priam*. The Oracle of *Apollo* gave them to understand that they were not to expect a happy Issue of the War, unless they could get the Arrows of *Hercules*. Your Father *Ulysses*, who was always the most penetrating and the most active in all the Counsels, took upon him to persuade me to go with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me those Arrows, which he believ'd were in my Possession. It was now a long time since *Hercules* had disappear'd, nor was there any Mention of any new Exploit of that Heroe: Monsters and Villains began again now to shew their Heads with Impunity: The *Greeks* knew not what to think of him: Some said he was dead; others affirm'd that he was gone under the Northern Bear, to subdue the *Segtes*; but *Ulysses* averr'd that he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He found me out and came to me, when as yet I was disconsolate for the
Loss

Loss of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard Matter to accost me, for the Sight of Mankind was become intolerable to me: I would not yield to be taken from the Desarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the Exit of my dear Friend; my only Study was to re-imprint on my Mind the Image of that Hero, and I minded nothing but to weep at the Sight of that melancholly Place: But soft and powerful Persuasion flow'd from your Father's Lips; he seem'd almost as much afflicted as myself; he shed Tears, he knew how to get Access insensibly to my Heart, and to engage me to confide in him: He begat in me a Concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a just Cause, and who could not prosper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the Secret of *Hercules's* Death, which I had sworn never to mention; but he no longer doubting of his Death, press'd me to reveal the Place where I had hid his Ashes. Alas! I was seiz'd with Horrour at the thought of revealing a Secret which I had promis'd to the Gods never to disclose; but not daring to violate my Oath, I was so weak as to elude it; for which the Gods have punish'd me. I stamp't with my Foot upon the Place where I had hid the Ashes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and joyn'd the confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with the same Joy as they would have done *Hercules* himself: As I pass'd thro' the Isle of *Lemnos*, I had a mind to shew the *Greeks* the Efficacy of my Ar-

rows,

rows, and preparing to let fly at a Doe that was scouring along the Wood, I heedlessly dropt the Arrow, which lighting on my Foot, gave me a Wound which still pains me. I presently felt the same Torments *Hercules* had suffer'd: I Night and Day fill'd the Island with my Groans; black and corrupted Gore issuing from my Wound, infected the very Air, and spread thro' the *Grecian* Camp a Stench that was capable of suffocating the most healthy Men. All the Soldiers shiver'd at Sight of me; each taking it for granted that it was a Curse sent down upon me by the righteous Gods. *Ulysses*, who had drawn me to the War, was the first that forsook me: I afterwards understood that he did so because he prefer'd the common Interest of *Greece*, and the Victory they had so much at Heart, to all the Arguments of Friendship or private Concerns. It was now grown impossible to sacrifice in the Camp; so much did the Horreur and Infection of my Wound, and the Violence of my Groans disturb the whole Army. But when I perceiv'd my self abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the Advice of *Ulysses*; this Action seem'd to me to be full of the most barbarous Cruelty and blackest Treachery. Alas! I was blinded, and did not see that I had justly incurr'd the Displeasure of all wise and good Men, as well as of the Gods whom I had offended! I continu'd, during almost the whole Siege of *Troy* destitute of Succour, without Hope, without Help to ease my Pain; Excessively tormented

ted in that desert and savage Island, where nothing was to be heard but the roaring Billows dashing against the Rocks. In this solitary Place I found a Cave within a Rock, which lifted to the Sky two high Points like two Heads: From this Rock issu'd a Chrystal Spring: The Cave was the usual Retreat of wild Beasts, to whose Fury I was Night and Day expos'd; my Bed consisted of what Leaves I could pick up; all my Furniture was a wooden Box coarsly wrought and some tatter'd Cloaths, with which I bound up my Wound to stop the Blood, and which I likewise us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by Mankind and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I spent my Time in piercing with my Arrows the Pigeons and other Birds which flew about the Rock. When I kill'd any Bird to Satisfie my Hunger, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground in a painful Manner, to take up my Prey: Thus with my own Hands I prepar'd my own Provision. The *Greeks* did indeed leave me some Provisions, but they lasted not long. I us'd to light me a Fire with some Flints. This Life, as dreadful as it was, would have seem'd pleasant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful Men, had I not been quite overcome with the Extremity of the Pain, and the continual ruminating upon my sad Disaster. How! said I; to entice a Man from his own Coutry, as the only Person that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this desert Island.

Island while he was asleep, for so they did ! You may judge of my Surprise when I wak'd ; O how bitterly I Wept when I saw the Fleet sailing away. Alas ! Wherever I cast my Eyes I met with nothing but Sorrow. That horrid Island has neither Harbour, Commerce nor Hospitality ; nor did ever Man voluntarily land upon it : None come there but what were driven by Storms, and no other Company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by Shipwreck ; nor even did such dare to carry me along with them, being afraid both of the Anger of the Gods and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long Years I suffer'd Pain and Hunger : I nourish'd a Wound that devour'd me ; even Hope it self was quite extinguish'd in my Breast. One day returning from seeking some Medicinal Plants for my Wound, I was surpriz'd to see in my Cave a young Man of a handsom and graceful Mien, but withal Haughty and of an Heroick Aspect : He seem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his Features, Look and Gate ; had there not been too great a difference between them in point of Age. His Eyes express'd both Compassion and Confusion : He was mov'd with Pity at seeing me crawl along in that miserable Condition. The piercing Cries and doleful Shrieks, with which I made the Ecchoing Shores reverberate, melted his very Heart. Being at some distance from him : O Stranger, said I, What Misfortune has brought thee into this un-inhabited Island ? I know that *Greek* Habit, that Habit still so dear to me. O how I long

long to hear thy Voice, and to find upon thy Lips that Language which I learnt in my Childhood, and which I for so long a time have been debar'd from talking myself; be not affrighted to see so wretched a Creature, since thou oughtest rather to pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* said that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out: O delicious Word, after so many Years of Silence and Comfortless Pain! O my Son, what Disaster, what Tempest, or rather what propitious Wind has brought thee hither to put an end to my Misery? He answer'd; I am of the Island of *Sciros*, thither I am returning; 'tis said I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'st that best.

Such short Expressions left my Curiosity ungratify'd: I said to him, O Son of a Father whom I so much lov'd! The dear Charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'st thou hither? And from whence cam'st thou? He answer'd me that he came from the Siege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, said I, in the first Expedition. Then, said he, where wert thou at that time? I answer'd him; I see thou art a Stranger both to the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! How unhappy am I? My Persecutors insult over me in my Affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I suffer, which heighens my Grief: The *Atrides* have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them! Then I gave him an Account how the *Greeks* had forsaken me. As soon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he began

began his own. After the Death of *Achilles*, said he — Here I interrupted him ; What ! *Achilles* Dead ! Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father. *Neoptolemus* answer'd me, 'tis a Comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable it is to me to see *Philoctetes* bewail my Father ! And thus he proceeded : After the Death of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* and *Phoenix* sought me out, affirming that the City of *Troy* could not be overthrown without me : I needed no great Persuasion to go along with them, for my Grief for the Death of *Achilles*, and a Desire to inherit his Glory in that renown'd War, was Inducement enough to follow them. I arrive at the Camp, the Army gathers round about me ; every one swore they saw *Achilles* again, but Alas ! he was no more. Young and unexperienced I thought I might promise my self any thing from those who prais'd me so highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Armour ; to which they made me this barbarous Reply ; thou shalt have every thing else that belong'd to thy Father, but as for his Armour it is destin'd for *Ulysses*. With this I was mightily disturb'd ; I wept, I grew passionate ; but *Ulysses*, without any Concern said to me : Young Man, thou hast had no Share in the Perils of this long Siege ; thou hast not therefore merited such Armour, and you begin too soon to talk so big ; thou never shalt have the Armour. Thus being unjustly rob'd by *Ulysses*, I am now returning into the

the Island of *Scyros*, not so much incensed against *Ulysses* as against the *Atreides*: O *Philoctetes*, I have done, but may the Gods always befriend their Enemies!

Then I ask'd him why *Telemonian Ajax* did not hinder such a Piece of Injustice. He is dead, answer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulysses* alive and prosperous in the Army! Then I ask'd him News of *Antilochus*, the wise *Nestor's* Son, and *Patroclus*, the Favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too, said he. Then cry'd I out again: Alas! What dost thou tell me? How cruel a thing is War, to mow down the Good and spare the Wicked. *Ulysses* still lives, and so does likewise *Thersites* no doubt! These are the doings of the Gods; and yet we continue to praise them! Whilst I was in this Rage against your Father, *Neoptolemus* carry'd on the Cheat; and added these melancholy Words: I am going to live contented in the savage Isle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good: Adieu, I am gone, may the Gods restore you to your Health! With that said I to him, O my Son, I conjure thee by the *Manes* of thy Father, by thy Mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the World, leave me not alone in this Extremity of Pain and Sorrow. Well I know how burthensome I shall be to you; but it were a dishonourable thing to forsake me: Take me into your Ship, and let me lye at the Stem, at the Stern, nay, in the very Sink, any where. None but great
Souls

Souls relish the Pleasure of doing Good : Do not leave me in a Desert where there is not the least Footstep of a Man : Carry me into your own Country, or into *Eubæa*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, nor from *Trachin*, or the agreeable Banks of the River *Sperchius*. Carry me to my Father : Alas ! I fear he is Dead ; I sent to him to desire that he would dispatch a Ship to me ; either he is Dead, or those who promis'd to carry the Message have not deliver'd it. O my Son, thou art the only Refuge I have : Remember the Mutability of humane Affairs ; he that is in prosperity ought to be afraid of abusing it, and should never turn away his Face from the Unfortunate. This was what the Excess of my Grief made me say to *Neoptolemus* ; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burst into Exclamations again : O blessed Day ! O lovely *Neoptolemus*, worthy of thy Father's Glory ! Dear Companions of this Voyage, allow me to bid Adieu to this Melancholy Abode ; see where I have lived, consider what I have suffer'd ; no other could have endured it ; but Necessity has instructed me, Necessity that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Those that have never been in Tribulation know nothing ; they cannot distinguish between Good and Evil, they are unacquainted with Mankind and with themselves too. After I had thus spoken I took my Bow and my Arrows. *Neoptolemus* desir'd me to let him kiss those celebrated Arms,

Arms, which had been consecrated by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuse thee nothing, said I to him; 'tis thou, O my Son, who restorest to me the Light, my Country, my aged Father, my Friends and my self. Freely touch these Arms, and boast that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deserved that Honour. With that *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to admire those Arms: Mean while I am seiz'd with an excessive Pain, I grow distracted and know not what I do; I ask for a sharp-edg'd Sword to cut off my Foot; I cry out, O Death so much desir'd, why comest thou not! O beloved Youth, burn me this Body instantly as I burnt the Son of *Jupiter*! Receive, O Earth, a dying Wretch that cannot any more raise himself from thee! Then of a sudden I fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep Swoon: After which I began to be eas'd by a plentiful Sweating; whilst a black corrupted Stream of Blood issued from my Wound. During this my Insensibility *Neoptolemus* might easily have carry'd off my Arms and gone away; but he was the Son of *Achilles* and incapable of Guile. When I came to my self I perceiv'd the Confusion he was in; he sigh'd like one that knows not how to dissemble, and who acts against his Conscience. Wilt thou then surprise me, said I to him? What is the Matter? Thou must follow me, said he, to the Siege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what say'st thou, my Son? Restore me my Bow; I am betray'd; rob me not of my Life. To this he

he made no Return, but look'd on me calmly and without any Concern. O ye Shores and Promontories of this desert Island! O ye wild Beasts and steep Rocks! 'Tis to you I complain, for to none other can I complain: You are accusom'd to my Groanings: Must I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*, who robs me of the sacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me to the Camp of the *Greeks* to triumph over me? He considers not that it is triumphing over a dead Corpse, a Ghost, an empty Shadow! O that he had attack'd me in my full Strength! But now it is Base and Ungenerous to do it: O Son, act like thy Father, like thy self. What say'st thou? Nothing! O Savage Rock, to thee I return; naked, miserable, forsaken, famish'd; in this Cave must I pine away; being depriv'd of my Bow to kill the wild Beasts they will now devour me? no matter; but, my Son, thou hast not the look of an ill Man; whatever Counsel it is has put thee upon this Action, restore me my Arms and get thee gone. *Neoptolemus*, with Tears in his Eyes, thus mutter'd to himself: Would to the Gods I had never parted from *Scyros*! Then I cry'd out: Alas! What is it I see! Is not that *Ulysses*? I immediately hear his Voice, and he reply'd, Yes, it is I. If *Pluto's* dusky Realm had open'd it self, and I had seen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which even the Gods are afraid to behold: I own I could not have been seiz'd with greater Horrour. Again I cry'd out: O Land of *Lemnos*, be thou my Witness!

O.

O Sun, dost thou behold this and suffer it! *Ulysses*, without Emotion, answer'd; I but execute the Will of *Jupiter*. Darest thou, said I, name *Jupiter*? Seest thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom 'tis a Pain to execute what thou obligeest him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, said *Ulysses*, nor to hurt thee that we come hither; 'tis to deliver thee, to cure thy Wounds, to give thee the Glory of overthrowing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own Country; 'tis your self, and not *Ulysses*, that is *Philoctetes*'s Enemy. Then did I fall into a most extravagant Passion against your Father: Since thou did'st abandon me on this Shore, said I to him, Why dost thou not suffer me to live here in Peace? Go, seek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Delights of Life; enjoy thy good Fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my Misery and Pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead; hast thou not the same Reason now to believe, as thou had'st heretofore, that my Cries and the Infection of my Wound will disturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulysses*, Author of all my Affliction, may the Gods—but the Gods no longer hear me; on the contrary they stir up my Enemy against me. O my native Land, which I shall never see again, O ye Gods, if there be yet any one among you just enough to take Compassion on me; punish *Ulysses*, then I shall think my self cur'd of all my Ailments.

Whilst

Whilst I thus spoke, your Father look'd on me with an Air of Compassion, and far from being provok'd, he seem'd like a Rock upon the top of a Mountain, which defies the Fury of the Winds, and lets them spend their Rage whilst it remains immovable; so your Father waited in silence till my Wrath was exhausted; well knowing that to bring Men to Reason, their Passions must not be attack'd till they begin to grow weak, as it were thro' Weariness. Afterwards he said these Words to me; O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your Reason and Courage? Now is the occasion to use it. If you refuse to go along with us to accomplish the great Design of *Jupiter*, in reference to your self, farewell; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of *Greece*, and the Demolisher of *Troy*. Continue at *Lemnos*: These Arms that I carry off shall give me that Renown which was destin'd for You: Come, *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to speak to him; our Compassion for one single Man must not make us forego the Welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt my self like a Lyoness that had been just robb'd of her Young; she with her roaring makes the Forest tremble. O profound Cavern, said I, I will never quit thee, thou shalt be my Grave! O thou Mansion of Sorrow, I have now no longer Means to subsist me, nor any Hope left; who will give me a Sword to stab my self? O that the Birds of Prey would devour me! I shall hurt them no more with my Arrows! O precious Bow,
consecrated

consecrated by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter*! O dear *Hercules*, if thou hast still any Sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with Indignation at this? Thy Bow is now no longer in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulysses*. Birds of Prey! Wild Beasts! fly no more from this Cave; my Hands are no longer arm'd with Arrows! I can no longer hurt you; come then and devour me, or rather may the Thunder of inexorable *Jove* dash me in pieces!

Your Father having try'd all other Means of Persuasion, at last thought it better to restore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus* accordingly. Then said I to him, Now thou shew'st thy self the Son of *Achilles*; but suffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. Then I was going to let fly an Arrow at your Father, but *Neoptolemus* stop'd me, saying, Anger clouds your Reason, and hinders you from seeing the Unworthiness of the Action you are going to commit. As for *Ulysses*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows as at my Invectives. I was deeply affected with that Intrepidity and Patience: I was asham'd of attempting to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be restor'd to me: But as my Resentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I should owe such a Restitution to a Man whom I so much hated. Upon this said *Neoptolemus* to me, Know that the Divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having come out from the City of *Troy*, by
the

the Order and Inspiration of the Gods, hath unveil'd to us the hidden things of Futurity. The unhappy *Troy*, said he, shall fall, but not before it is attack'd by him who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*: Nor shall that Man be ever restor'd to Health till he come before the Walls of *Troy*, where the Sons of *Æsculapius* shall cure him.

At this Moment I was divided in my Thoughts: I was mov'd with the Ingenuouſness of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honesty in restoring my Bow: But I could not tell how to submit to *Ulyſſes*, and a mistaken Shame kept me in Suspence: Must I ever be seen again, said I to my self, in the Company of *Ulyſſes* and the *Attrides*? What will People think of me? Whilst I was in this Uncertainty, on a sudden I heard a supernatural Voice: I saw *Hercules* in a shining Cloud, encircied with Rays of Glory: I presently knew again his masculine Features, his robust Limbs, and his plain Manner; but he appear'd with a Majesty and a Loftiness which he never us'd to wear when he was taming of Monsters upon the Earth. He said to me; 'Tis *Hercules* whom thou hearest and seest: I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare to thee the Orders of *Jupiter*: Thou know'st by what Labours I purchas'd Immortality: Thou must go with the Son of *Achilles* to trace my Steps in the Road of Glory: Thou shalt be cur'd, thou shalt pierce with my Arrows *Paris*, the Author of so much Mischieſ. After the taking of *Troy* thou shalt send the rich Spoils to
Paan,

Paan, thy Father, upon *Mount Octa*: These Spoils shall be plac'd upon my Tomb, as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows. And thou, O Son of *Achilles*, I pronounce that thou can'st not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then like two Lyons who seek their Prey together: I will send *Æsculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and observe Religion: All other Things are perishable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard these Words I cry'd out, O happy Day! O pleasing Light, that after so many Years dost shew thy self at last! I obey thee, I will set out as soon as I have saluted these Places. Adieu, dear Cave, adieu thou Nymph of these watry Meadows. I shall no more hear the hollow Noise of these Billows. Adieu, thou Shore, where I have so often endur'd the vehemencies of the Weather. Adieu, ye Fountains, sweet in your selves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*; let me depart propitiously, since I go where I am call'd by the Gods and my Friends. After this we departed, and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, by the Divine Art of their Father *Æsculapius*, cur'd me, or at least put me in the Condition you now see me: I feel no more Pain, but have recover'd my usual Vigour, tho' I am somewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my Hand, as a fearful Fawn pierced with the Arrows of the Hunter. *Ilium* was soon reduc'd to Ashes: You know the rest; nevertheless, I still retain'd some Aver

sion to the sage *Ulysses*, thro' the remembrance of my past Sufferings, and my Resentment was beyond the Power of his Virtue to appease: But the sight of a Son who resembles him, and whom I am, in spite of my self, forc'd to love, begets a Tenderness in me, even for the Father himself.

Whilst *Philoctetes* was thus relating his Misfortunes, *Telemachus* continu'd as it were suspended and immoveable. His Eyes were wistfully fix'd upon the great Man that spoke. All the different Passions that had work'd the Souls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulysses*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their turns upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another represented to him. During the Continuance of the Narration, he would sometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: Sometimes he would seem thoughtful, as a Man whose Meditations were entirely taken up about the Issue of some important Affair: Whilst *Philoctetes* was describing the Confusion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of Dissimulation, *Telemachus* seem'd to be under the same Confusion, and in that Moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus*.

Mean while the Confederate Army was marching in good Order against *Adrastus*, King of the *Daunians*, a Despiser of the Gods, and a Deceiver of Mankind. *Telemachus* found it no easie Task to manage himself among so many Kings jealous of one another: It behoved him to give none of them any occasion
of

of Suspicion, but to make himself belov'd by them all : He was naturally of an open well-meaning Disposition, but not over-courteous or endearing : He was not solicitous to oblige others : He was not fond of Riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus with a noble and honest Mind, he seem'd neither obliging nor sensible of Friendship, nor liberal, nor mindful to make Returns for the Care others took of him, nor attentive to distinguish Merit. He follow'd his Humour without Reflection : His Mother *Penelope* had in spite of *Mentor* brought him up in a Pride and Haughtiness of Temper, which tarnish'd every thing that was amiable in him : He look'd upon himself as made of different Stuff from the rest of Mankind, who seem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other End but to please and serve him, nay, even to prevent his very Desires, and to refer all Things to him as to a Deity : The Happiness of serving him was, he thought, a sufficient Recompence for so doing. Nothing was ever to be impossible when he was to be gratify'd ; the least Delay irritated his ardent Temper. Had any one seen him thus in his natural Disposition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and that he was affected with nothing but his own Vain-glory and Pleasure : But this Indifference for others, and continual Regard for himself, proceeded from nothing but that Series of excessive Passions, wherein he had been brought up by his Mother from his Cradle,

He never refusing to humour him in all his Cravings; and he was a remarkable Instance of the Unhappiness of those who are high born. The Severities of Fortune, which he felt in his greenest Years, had not moderated that Impetuosity and Haughtiness of his Temper; tho' stript of every thing, abandon'd, expos'd to so many Miseries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride; it would continue to lift it self higher like a Palm-Tree, after all Attempts to press it down. These Faults did not shew themselves in *Mentor's* Company, like as a fiery Courser scouring thro' the spacious Fields, whom neither Rocks, nor Precipices, nor Torrents can stop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man who knows how to tame him: So *Telemachus*, full of noble Ardour, could be kept in by none but the wise *Mentor*: A look from him was able to stop him in his most impetuous Carreer; he presently knew the meaning of each Glance, and at that Moment would summon all his virtuous Resolutions. Wisdom in an instant would render his Countenance cool and serene: *Neptune* does not more suddenly appease the hideous Tempest, when with his lifted Trident he threatens the raging Billows.

When *Telemachus* was alone, all his Passions, that had been suspected like a Torrent, stop'd by a strong Bank, would take their natural Course: He could not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedaemonians*, nor of *Phalantus* who was at their Head. This Colony,
which

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which came with a Design to found the City of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men, born during the Siege of *Troy*, who had had no Education : The Illegitimacy of their Birth, the Irregularity of their Manners, and the Licentiousness in which they had been brought up, gave them a sort of Wildness and Barbarity, resembling rather a Gang of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony. *Phalantus* was ever upon the catch to contradict *Telemachus*, and would often interrupt him in the publick Assemblies, despising his Counsels as those of a raw unexperienc'd Man : He was always joking upon him, treating him as if he had been pusillanimous and effeminate : He expos'd his smallest Failings to the Chief Officers in the Army, endeavouring to sow Jealousie every where, and to make the Haughtiness of *Telemachus* odious to all the Confederates. One Day *Telemachus*, having taken some *Daunian* Prisoners, *Phalantus* pretended that they belong'd to him, alledging it was he that at the Head of his *Lacedamonians* had defeated that part of the Enemy, and that *Telemachus* having found the *Daunians* already vanquish'd and put to flight, had no other Trouble but that of giving them Quarter, and carrying them into the Camp. *Telemachus* affirm'd on the other Hand, that 'twas he had sav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and had obtain'd the Victory over the *Daunians*. They both pleaded their Cause in the Assembly of the Confederate Princes, where *Telemachus* was so transported with

his Passion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatening Language, and they had immediately come to Blows if they had not been hinder'd. *Phalantus* had a Brother, whose Name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the Army for his Valour, Strength, and Dexterity. *Pollux*, as was alledged by the *Tarentines*, was not a better Combatant at the *Castus*; nor could *Castor* out-do him in managing a Horse. He had almost the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*; the whole Army fear'd him, for he was yet more quarrelsome and brutal, than strong and valiant.

Hippias, when he saw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, hastens away to carry off the Prisoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Assembly. *Telemachus*, upon secret Intimation of it, goes out in a Rage like a foaming Boar, that turns upon the Huntsman who had wounded him: You might see him traversing up and down the Camp, and throwing his Eyes about to find out his Enemy, and shaking the Dart with which he resolv'd to pierce him. At last meeting him, the sight redoubled his Rage; he now ceased to be the wise *Telemachus*, instructed by *Minerva* in the shape of *Mentor*: He was a Madman, or a furious Lyon. At length he cries out to *Hippias*, Stay thou basest of all Mortals! We'll see if thou dar'st rob us of the Spoils of our Victory. Thou shalt not carry them to *Tarentum*: Go, descend this Moment to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. He spoke, and flung his Dart, but

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but with so much Fury that he could take no aim, and the Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his Hand upon his Sword, whose Handle was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. *Laertes* had us'd this Sword with great Glory while he was young, and it was stain'd with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn this Sword when *Hippias*, resolving to take the Advantage of his own Strength, rush'd upon him, in order to force it from out the Hands of the young Son of *Ulysses*. The Sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they seiz'd each other and closed; and now behold them like two Lyons seeking to tear each other to pieces: Their Eyes strike Fire, they contract themselves, then stretch their Limbs; they stoop, they rise again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one anothers Blood: And now they come to Blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their Bodies so twisted together, that they seem'd but one: But *Hippias*, who was of a more advanced Age, seem'd more than a Match for *Telemachus*, who by reason of his tender Youth, was not so brawny and sinewy as the other. And now *Telemachus* begins to be out of Breath, and felt his Legs betray him: *Hippias*, seeing him in a staggering Condition, redoubles his Efforts: There had been an end of the Son of *Ulysses*, and he had suffer'd the Punishment

that was due to his Headiness, if *Minerva*, who at a distance watch'd over him, and left him in this Extremity of Danger only for his Instruction, had not determin'd the Victory in his Favour: She did not quit the Palace of *Salentum*, but sent *Iris*, the swift-wing'd Messenger of the Gods, who cutting the immense Paces of the Air, and leaving behind her a long track of Light, which painted a Cloud of a thousand different Colours; she rested not herself till she came to the Shore, where was incamp'd the numerous Army of the Confederates: She at a distance beheld the Ardour and Strugglings of the two Combatants, she shiver'd at sight of the Danger which threaten'd young *Telemachus*; she draws near, wrapt in a bright Cloud form'd of subtle Vapours, at the very Moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole Force, believ'd himself victorious: She cover'd the young Pupil of *Minerva* with the Shield which the sage Goddess had intrusted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whose Strength was quite spent, began to recover new Spirits, and the more he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was disorder'd: He felt something as it were divine, that crush'd him and amaz'd him. *Telemachus* bears hard upon him, attacks him sometimes in one Posture, sometimes in another, he leaves him not a Moment to recover himself, at last he throws him to the Earth and falls upon him. A well grown Oak of Mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thousand Blows of the resounding Ax, makes not a more terrible Noise

Noise in falling; the Earth groan'd, and all things round about shiver'd at it. And now *Telemachus* found himself repossefs'd of Wisdom as well as Strength. Scarce had *Hippias* touch'd the Earth, but he began to be sensible of the Fault he had committed, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to succour: He call'd to mind with Confusion the wise Counsels of *Mentor*; he was ashamed of the Victory, and was conscious he did not deserve it. Mean while *Phalantus*, transported with Rage, ran to succour his Brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a Dart, if he had not been afraid at the same time to have hurt *Hippias*, who was under him. In this Condition the Son of *Ulysses* might easily have taken his Enemy's Life, but his Wrath was asswag'd, and and he thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by shewing his Moderation. Up he rises, uttering these Words; O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to despise my Youth: Live, thy Strength and Courage are to be admir'd; the Gods have protected me, yield thou to their Power, and now let us only think of uniting our Force against the *Daunians*. Whilst *Telemachus* thus spoke, *Hippias* rose up, besmear'd with Dirt and Blood, and extremely enrag'd and ashamed. *Phalantus* durst not take the Life of him who had so generously given it to his Brother, he was quite beside himself, and knew not what to do. All the confederate Kings ran to the place: On the one side they

carry of *Telemachus*, and on the other *Pha-lantus* and *Hippias*, who was now so daftardized that he could not shew his Face. The whole Army could not sufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who at so tender an Age, before Men arrive at their full Strength, was able to throw *Hippias*, a Man who for Strength and Bulk was like those Earth-born Gyants who in Times of Yore adventur'd to expel the Immortal Powers from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulysses* was very far from enjoying the Pleasure of his Victory: And whilst others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his Tent, asham'd of his Fault; and being unable any longer to endure himself he bewail'd his Headiness: He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his Passion; he found a certain Vanity, Weakness, and Ungenerousness in that excessive Pride of his: He was sensible that true Greatness was no where to be found but in Moderation, Justice, Self-Resignation and Humanity: All this he clearly saw, but he could not tell how to hope that he should ever amend after so many Relapses: He was torn with inward conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lyon. Two Days he continued shut up by himself in his Tent, unable to resolve with himself to go into any Company: Alas! said he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face again? Am I the Son of *Ulysses*, the wisest and most patient of Men? Did I come hither to bring Dissention and Disorder

der into the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood or that of the *Daunians* I ought to have shed? I was Rash, I forgot how to lance my Dart, I expos'd my self to *Hippias* with unequal Strength, and I could expect nothing but Death and the Shame of being overcome: But what then? I should no longer have been that thoughtless *Telemachus*, that hair-brain'd Fool, that does not profit by any Advice; then had my Disgrace and my Life ended together. O could I but at least hope that I should never again commit the like Fault, I should be still happy, too, too happy! But perhaps before Night I may run into the same Errors which at this time fill me with so much Horrour and Shame. O shameful Victory! O disagreeable Applause! Which indeed is nothing but a bitter Reproach of my Folly.

Whilst he was thus bewailing himself, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* came to wait on him. *Nestor* had purpos'd to remonstrate to him how much he had been in the wrong; but this wise old Man, soon finding the Disconsolateness of *Telemachus*, changed his grave Reproof into Expressions of Tendernefs, to allay his Grief.

The Progress of the Confederate Princes was retarded by this Quarrel, nor could they March towards the Enemy till they had first reconcil'd *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every Moment afraid least the *Tarentine* Troops should fall upon the hundred young *Cretans* who follow'd *Telemachus*.

Telemachus in this War: Every thing was in Combustion through this single Over-sight of *Telemachus*, who being sensible that he was the Author of such inexpressible Mischiefs, gave himself up entirely to bitter Sorrowings. All the Princes were under the greatest Perplexities: They durst not march their Army for fear lest *Telemachus's* *Cretans* and *Phalantus's* *Tarentines* should fall foul of one another by the Way: And it was not without great Difficulty they were restrain'd from attacking each other within the Camp, where a strict Watch was kept over them. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* went incessantly to and fro between the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of the Implacable *Phalantus*, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither *Nestor's* soft Eloquence, nor the Authority of the great *Philoctetes* could prevail upon his morose stubborn Heart, which was still more provok'd by his Brother *Hippias's* enrag'd Discourse. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but swallow'd up in a Grief which refused all manner of Consolation.

Whilst the Princes were in this Disorder, all the Troops were under an extream Consternation: The whole Camp lookt like the House of Mourning, that has just lost the Father of the Family, the Father of all his Relations, and the dear Hopes of his little Children. During this Agitation in the Army, there was heard, of a sudden, the dreadful Noise of rushing Chariots, clattering Arms, neighing Horses, and cryings of
Men;

Men; some as of Conquerors, bent on Slaughter, others as of Run-a-ways either dying or wounded. A whirling Cloud of Dust cover'd the Sky and invellop'd all the Camp: Presently to this Dust was joyn'd a thick Smoke that obscured the Air and took away all Respiration: All Hearts were seized with Terror. The vigilant and indefatigable *Adrastus* had it seems surpris'd the Allies, having had Intelligence of their March and concealing his own. In two Nights Time he had with incredible Diligence march'd round an almost inaccessible Mountain, of which the Allies had seized most of the Defilees, and being possess'd thereof, thought themselves not only perfectly secure, but fancy'd that when the other Troops which they expected were come up to them, they should be able by these Avenues to fall on the Enemy on the other side the Mountain. *Adrastus*, who spared no Expence for Intelligence, had been advis'd of this their Resolution: For *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' otherwise sage and experienced Captains, had not been secret in their Counsels; *Nestor* being now in the Decline of his Age, took too much Delight in recounting his former Actions, through a fond Desire of Praise. *Philoctetes* was by Nature less narrative, but he was passionate, and upon the least Excitation of his hasty Temper, he would blab out all his Designs. Cunning People by this means had found the Key to his Heart, whereby to come at all the most important Secrets. They needed but

but to set him in a Flame; then would he break out into threatening Language, bragging of infallible Means to compass his Designs. If they seem'd in the least to doubt of those Means, he would presently, and without consideration, fall to explaining them, and thus the nearest and most intimate Secret made its Escape from his Heart, which was like a costly Vessel, but crackt, and which lets go the most delicious Liquors. The Traytors that were corrupted by *Adrastus's* Gold, did not fail to take Advantage of the Weakness of these two Princes. They would be incessantly flattering *Nestor* with vain Applause, they repeated to him his past Victories, admired his Foresight, and praised his Conduct beyond Measure. On the other hand they laid continual Snares for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Disappointments, Dangers, Inconveniences and irretrievable Oversights. When his warm Disposition was once enflam'd, his Wisdom deserted him, and he was quite another sort of Man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding the Faults we have Mention'd, was far more close and reserved in keeping a Secret. He had been accusom'd to Secresy by his Misfortunes, and by being necessitated even in his Childhood to hide his Designs from *Penelope's* Lovers. He could keep a Secret, without telling any Untruth: and yet, could lay aside that close mysterious Air, which is so common to People

ple who are reserv'd : He did not seem oppress'd with the Burthen of the Secret which he kept : he always seem'd easie, natural, open, as one that carry'd his Heart upon his Lips. But at the same time that he would tell you every thing that was of no Consequence, he knew how to stop just in the Nick, and without proceeding to those things which might create any Suspicion, or broach his Design. By this means his Heart was impenetrable and inaccessible ; nay, he never communicated even to his best Friends but just so much as he thought was necessary in order to have their good Advice, and *Mentor* was the only Person with whom he acted without reserve : He did indeed place a Confidence in some other Friends, but then he had different Degrees of doing it, according as he had met with Proofs of their Friendship and Discretion.

Telemachus had often observ'd that the Resolutions of the Council were too soon and too much Spread over the Camp. He hinted this to *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* ; yet they, tho' Men of such great Experience, did not give sufficient Regard to so wholesome an Intimation. Old Age loses all its Suppleness, long Habitude ties it down as it were in Chains ; there is no longer any Remedy against its Errors, like your full grown Trees, whose rough and knotty Trunk is harden'd by Years and can never more be set strait : So Men at a certain Age cannot any more unbend themselves from those Customs which have grown up with

with them, and are as it were enter'd into the very Marrow of their Bones : Not but that they are concious of this obstinate Adherence in the Wrong ; but they see too late, they in vain lament and bemoan themselves, whereas tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of correcting what is amiss in them.

There was in the Army a *Dolopian* named *Eurymachus*, a wheadling insinuating Sycophant, who could adapt himself to the several Humours of the Princes, one that was studious and inventive of new Ways to please them. To hear him Speak, nothing was ever hard to be compass'd ; ask his Advice, he presently hit upon that which he thought would be most agreeable : He was a pleasant droling Fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaisant to those he stood in awe of : He could so nicely season his Flattery, as to make it grateful even to Persons remarkable for their Modesty. With the grave he was grave, and with the frolicksome he was frolicksome : He could at any time, with all the Ease in the World, assume whatever Shape he pleas'd : Sincere and virtuous Men, who are always the same, and who confine themselves to the strict Rules of Virtue ; can never be so acceptable to Princes as those who strike in with their predominant Passions.

Eurymachus understood the Art of War, had a Talent for Business, was a Man who had resolved to push his Fortune, and had wriggled himself into *Nestor's* Confidence.

He

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He could pump out of his Heart, (which was vain and lov'd Flattery) whatever he had a mind to know; and tho' *Philoctetes* did not repose any Confidence in him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the same handle as *Nestor's* Favour did: *Eurymachus* need only contradict him, and put him in a Passion, and then he discover'd every thing. This Fellow had receiv'd great Sums from *Adraftus*, to inform him of all the Designs of the Allies. This King of the *Daunians*, had in the Army of the Allies a certain Number of Deserters, who were one after another to make off from their Camp and return to his. And as often as any thing of Importance happen'd, and such as might be of Benefit to *Adraftus* to be Advertis'd of, *Eurymachus* us'd to dispatch away to him one of these Deserters. The Villany could not easily be discover'd because they carry'd no Letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* suspected.

And thus *Adraftus* continually prevented all the Enterprises of the Confederates: A Resolution was hardly taken in the Council, e'er the *Daunians* did the very thing that was necessary to hinder the Success of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably industrious to find out the Cause of this, and to awaken *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* to a Distrustfulness; but to no purpose, for they were blind.

The Council had resolv'd to wait for the numerous Troops that were coming up, and they

they had sent away privately in the Night a hundred Ships, to transport those Troops with the greater Expedition from a very rugged Coast to the Place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themselves secure, because their Troops were possess'd of the Avenues of a neighbouring Mountain, an almost inaccessible Part of the *Appennine*; The Confederate Army was encamp'd on the River *Galesus*, not far from the Sea. This was a very delicious Part of the Country, abounding in Pasturage and all things necessary for the Subsistence of an Army. *Adrastus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckon'd he could not pass: But he, understanding that the Confederates were weak and expected a great Reinforcement, and that the Ships were waiting for their Arrival, and that the Army was divided by the Quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Phalantus*, he with great Expedition sets about marching round it, which he did Night and Day till he arriv'd at the Sea Coast, where at Break of Day he surpris'd the hundred Vessels that belong'd to the Allies. The Ships being ill guarded, because they thought themselves safe, he seized upon them without much Resistance, and made use of them to transport his own Troops with incredible Diligence, to the Mouth of the River *Galesus*: Afterwards sailing up the River, the advanc'd Guards of the Confederate Camp taking these Ships to be ull'd with their own Troops, which they expect-

ed,

ed, immediately broke out into Shouts of Joy. *Adraftus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known: They fall on the Allies, who distrust nothing, they find them scatter'd negligently up and down in the Camp, unarm'd. That Part of the Camp which he first attack'd, was where the *Tarentines* were quarter'd, commanded by *Phalantus*. The *Daunians* enter'd there with so much Briskness that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth, being surpriz'd, were not able to resist: Whilst they were looking for their Arms and hinder'd one another in the Confusion, *Adraftus* sets fire to the Camp; and immediately the Flame flies from Tent to Tent, and ascends to the Skies in Rings of stifling Smoak: Its horrible Noise resembled that of a Torrent, which deluges a whole Country, and with its rapid Force, carries away mighty Oak-Trees with their broad Roots, the Corn, the Barns, Stalls, Flocks. The Wind impetuously drives the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an instant the whole Camp looks like an old dry Forrest which is set fire to by a small Spark. *Phalantus*, tho' nearest the Danger, could not remedy it: He saw plainly that all the Troops must perish in the Fire, if they did not instantly abandon the Camp: But he likewise saw how dangerous such a Retreat might be before a victorious Enemy. He began to send away his *Lacedæmonian* Youth, tho' with half their Arms; but *Adraftus* gives him no Respite: On one side a Troop of expert Archers discharge a
Shower

Show'r of Arrows upon *Phalantus's* Soldiery, and on the other the Slingers hurl large Stones. *Adrastus* himself with Sword in Hand marching at the Head of a chosen Company of the boldest *Daunians*, by the Light of the Fire pursues the flying Troops; he mows down with his Sword whatever had escap'd from the Fire: He swims in Blood, yet cannot be fated with Slaughter: His Fury surpass'd that of Lyons and Tygers when they worry to Death the Shepherds with their Flocks. *Phalantus's* Troops faint, their Courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal Fury whose Head bristles with Adders, freezes their Blood in their Veins; their benum'd Members grow stiff, and their tottering Knees leave them destitute even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalantus*, whose Shame and Despair still supplies him with some small Remainder of Strength and Courage, lifts up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and sees his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, beneath the Stroaks of *Adrastus's* thundering Hand. *Hippias* rowls at full length upon the Dust: A black boyling Stream issues from the deep Wound which had cleft his Side: His Eyes refuse the Light, and his furious Soul flies out with the last Drop of his Blood. *Phalantus* himself, besmear'd all over with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help him, finds himself beset with a Crowd of his Enemies, endeavouring to overcome him: His Buckler is pierced with a thousand Darts; he is wounded in several Places of his Body; he
can

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can no longer rally his fugitive Troops; the Gods behold him, but vouchsafe not to pity him.

Jupiter, amidst the celestial Deities, looks down from *Olympus's* top, and beholds the slaughter of the Confederates: Then he consulted the unchangeable Destinies, and saw all those Captains whose Thred was that Day to be cut by the fatal Scissars. All the Gods were intent on *Jupiter's* Face, thereby to read his Pleasure. But the Father of the Gods and Men told them in a sweet yet Majestick Voice, You see to what Extremity the Allies are reduc'd, you see *Adrastus* overpowering his Enemies; but this Spectacle is fallacious, the Glory and Prosperity of the Wicked is very short-liv'd: The impious, perfidious *Adrastus* shall not obtain a compleat Victory. This Misfortune happens to the Allies only to teach them to grow wiser, and to be more cautious in keeping their Counsels secret: For now the sage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her Darling the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceas'd speaking, and all the Gods in profound silence continu'd to behold the Battle.

Nestor and *Philoctetes* by this Time were advertis'd that part of the Camp was already burnt, that the Flame, driven by the Winds, was continually advancing, that their Troops were in Disorder, and that *Phalantus* could no longer sustain the Enemy's Efforts. As soon as these fatal Words had struck their Ears, they run to Arms, assemble the Captains,

tains, and command them instantly to retire from the Camp, to avoid the Effects of the Conflagration.

Telemachus, who was dejected and disconsolate, now forgets his Grief: He puts on his Armour, the precious Donative of the wise *Minerva*, who, under the shape of *Mentor* made as if she had procur'd them from an excellent Workman of *Salentum*, but in reality she had got *Vulcan* to make them in the smoaking Caverns of Mount *Aetna*.

This Armour was as smooth as Ice, and bright as the Sun-beams: Upon it was grav'd the famous Story of the Siege of *Thebes*: First you might see the unhappy *Laius*, who being told by the Oracle of *Apollo* that his New-born Son should be his Father's Murtherer, deliver'd the Child to a Shepherd to expose him to wild Beasts and Birds of Prey. Then you might observe the Shepherd carrying the Child up the Mountain *Cytheron*, betwixt *Bæotia* and *Phocis*. The Child seem'd to cry, and be sensible of his deplorable Destiny: He had in his Countenance a certain Simplicity and Tendernefs which renders Childhood so lovely. The Shepherd, as he is carrying him up the frightful Rocks seems to do it fore against his Will, and Compassion extorts Tears from his Eyes: He is irresolute and perplex'd: Then he pierces the Child's Feet with a Sword, and thrusting in an Osier Branch thro' each of the Wounds, he hangs him to a Tree, neither daring to save him against his Master's Orders, nor to deliver him to certain Death:
After

After this he leaves him, for fear of seeing the little Innocent dye whom he loves so well. And now the Child is ready to perish for want of Food : His Feet by which he hung grow livid, and are swoln with corrupted Blood. *Phorbas*, a Shepherd of *Polybus*, King of *Corinth*, tending his Masters Flocks in that Desert, hears the Cries of the pretty Innocent : He runs, he takes him down, delivers him to another Shepherd to carry him to Queen *Merope*, who was Childless. She is deeply affected with his Beauty, she names him *Oedipus* from the Swellings in his Feet, nurses him as her own Son, believing him sent from the Gods. All these different Actions appear'd each in their proper Places. After this you might see *Oedipus* now grown up, who understanding that *Polybus* was not his Father, travels from Country to Country to discover the Author of his Birth. The Oracle declar'd to him he should find his Father in *Phocis* : He goes thither, and finding the People in a mighty Uproar, he in the Tumult kill'd his Father *Laius* without knowing him. Soon after this you see him at *Thebes* ; he explains the *Ænygma* of *Sphynx*, kills the Monster, and marries Queen *Jocasta* his Mother, not knowing her, and she taking him to be the Son of *Polybus*. A dreadful Plague, sent by the angry Gods, is the Consequence of this detestable Marriage. Here in another place you might see with what pleasure *Vulcan* represented Infants expiring in their Mothers Arms, People fainting, and Death and Sorrow painted on their
Faces ;

Faces; but what was most frightful was to see *Oedipus*, after having for a long time been enquiring out the Reason of the Wrath of the Gods, discovers that he himself is the occasion of it. You might see upon *Jocasta's* Countenance Shame and Fear, dreading a Declaration of what she was unwilling to know, and upon the Countenance of *Oedipus* fate Horror and Despair: He plucks out his Eyes, and then is led about by his Daughter *Antigone*: He inveighs against the Gods for suffering him to commit such Crimes: Then you see him working up his Rage to inflict a Punishment on himself, and being unable any longer to endure the Company of Mankind, he leaves the Kingdom to his two Sons whom he had by *Jocasta*, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, on condition that they should reign each his Year by turns. But the Discord of the Brothers was still more horrible than the Misfortunes of *Oedipus*; *Eteocles* is seen upon the Throne, refusing to come down to let his Brother take his turn. Upon this *Polynices* flies to the King of *Argos*, whose Daughter *Agria* he marry'd; he advances towards *Thebes* with a numerous Army. Round about the besieg'd Town you might see Conflicts. All the Heroes of *Greece* were assembled in this War, which seem'd no less bloody than that of *Troy*. In another place you might discern the unfortunate Husband of *Eryphile*, namely, the famous *Augur Amphiaraus*, who foresaw his Fate, but could not secure himself from it: He hides himself to avoid
going

going to the Siege of *Thebes*, knowing that he was never to return from that War if he went to it. *Eryphile* was the only Person he durst impart the Secret to. *Eryphile* his Spouse, whom he lov'd more than Life, and by whom he believ'd himself tenderly belov'd, betray'd her Husband *Amphiaraus* for the sake of a Necklace, which the King of *Argos* brib'd her with. You might see her pointing to the place where he absconded, and the King carrying him to *Thebes* against his Will; where he no sooner arrives but the Earth is seen to swallow him up. Amidst so many Actions wherein *Mars* exercis'd his Fury, you might observe with Horror that of the two Brothers, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: There appear'd upon their Countenances somewhat that was so fell and hideous, as is not to be express'd; the Crime of their Birth was as it were written on their Forehead: It was easie to judge that their Heads were devoted to the Infernal Furies, and the Vengeance of the Gods, who sacrificed them as an Example to all Brethren in after Ages, and to shew the Fruit of impious Discord, when it is carry'd to such a heighth, as to separate those Hearts that ought to be so closely united: You might see those two enrag'd Brothers tearing one another to pieces, each foregoing the Defence of his own Life, to take away that of his Brother. They are both cover'd o'er with Blood, both struggling in the Pangs of Death, without in the least remitting their Fury, both sal'n on the

Ground, and ready to breath forth their last Gasp: But yet crawling towards each other, that they might have the Pleasure of dying in the last tug of Cruelty and Revenge. All other Combats seem to be superseded by this. Both Armies were struck with Horror and Consternation at the sight of these two Monsters; even *Mars* turn'd away his merciless Eyes from such a sight. At last you might see the Flame of the Funeral Pile, on which they plac'd the two Bodies of these unnatural Brothers; but to the Amazement of the Beholders, the Flame parts it self in two, nor could Death it self put an end to the irreconcilable Hatred of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: They would not burn together, and their Ashes, still sensible of each others mortal Aversion, could never mingle. This had *Vulcan* represented divinely artful, upon the Arms which *Minerva* had given to *Telemachus*.

In another part of the Shield was represented *Ceres* in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might see that Goddess assembling together the Inhabitants who were scatter'd up and down in search of something to support Nature, either by Hunting, or by picking up the wild Fruit which had fal'n from the Trees; she taught those ignorant Wretches the Art of cultivating the Earth, and to extract their Food from her fruitful Bosom: She shew'd them the Plough, and taught them how to yoke the Oxen to it; and now you might see the Earth

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Earth gaping in deep Furrows, cut by the sharp-edg'd Plough-share, and then you might perceive the golden Harvest covering the fruitful Plains; the Reaper with his Sickle crops the kindly Fruits of the Earth, and repays himself for all his Pains. Iron, elsewhere the Instrument of Destruction, was employ'd in this Place only to prepare Plenty, and to give Birth to all sorts of Pleasures. The Nymphs, with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, trip it along the Rivers Bank in jocund Dances. *Pan* play'd on his Flute; the Fauns and wanton Satyrs frisk in a Corner by themselves. *Bacchus* was likewise represented Crown'd with Ivy, leaning on his *Thyr-sus*, and holding in his Hand a Vine Branch adorn'd with Leaves and Clusters of Grapes: His Beauty was indolent and easie, with a mixture of the passionate and languishing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, at his finding her alone o'erwhelm'd with Grief for being deserted on the Banks of an unknown River. To conclude, you might see in all Quarters vast Shoals of People; the old Men carrying the first Fruits of their Harvests in the Temples; the young Men, fatigu'd with the Labour of the Day, returning to their Spouses, who going out to meet them, lead by the Hand their little Children, whom they fondle all the way as they go. There were likewise several Shepherds represented, some singing, others dancing to the sound of the Reed; the whole was a Picture of Peace, Plenty and Pleasure,

every thing look'd smiling and happy. Nay, you might see the Wolves in the Pastures playing among the Sheep, the Lyons quitting their Fierceness, were feeding among the tender Lambs, whilst the young Shepherd, with his Crook, govern'd them all alike; and this lovely Peace recall'd to mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine Armour, did, instead of taking up his usual Buckler, take up the terrible *Ægis* which *Minerva* had sent him, and which *Iris* the Messenger of the Gods had left him. *Iris* had without his knowledge carry'd away his own Buckler, and given him instead of it this *Ægis*, formidable to the very Gods: In this Condition he runs out of the Camp to avoid the Flames of it; he calls to him with a strong Voice all the Chieftains of the Army, and his Voice already began to inspire fresh Courage into the dismay'd Allies: A supernatural Fire sparkles in the Eyes of the young Warrior; he is busy'd in giving Orders throughout, with as much Caution as an old Man in ruling his Family and instructing his Children; but in the Execution, he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous River, which not only precipitates his frothy Billows, but carries along with it in its rapid Course, the Vessels of the greatest Burthen that float upon it. *Philoctetes*, *Nestor*, with the Commanders of the *Manducians* and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulysses* a sort of an Authority which irresistably aw'd them

them all. And now the old Men no longer trust to their Experience; Council and Wisdom did in general forsake all the Commanders; even Jealousie, a Passion so natural to all Men, is wholly extinguish'd in their Breasts; all keep Silence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his Commands implicitly, and as if it had been customary for them so to do. He ascends an Eminence, and from thence observes the Posture of the Enemy, and forthwith judged it necessary to use the utmost Expedition and to surprise them in their present Disorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates: He fetches a Compass with all possible Diligence, the most experienced Commanders following him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their Rear, at a time when they thought the Confederate Army was involved in the Flames of the Camp. This Surprise disorders them: They fall beneath the Hand of *Telemachus* as the Leaves fall in the Forests in the latter Days of *Autumn*, when the boisterous North-wind, fraught with Winter, clatters all the Branches, and makes the aged Trunks to groan. The Earth is spread with those who fell beneath *Telemachus's* Hand. With his own Javelin he pierced the Heart of *Iphicles*, *Adrastus's* younger Son, who presumed to offer him Combat, to save his Father's Life, who was in Danger of being surpris'd by *Telemachus*. These two young Combatants were both beautiful, vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage, of the same Stature, the same Age, had

the same Sweetness of Temper, and were equally dear to their Parents: But *Iphicles* prov'd like an opening Flower in the Meadow, cut down by the Mower's Scythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion* the most celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Hetruria*: Afterwards his Sword pierces the new Marry'd *Cleomenes*, who had promised his Spouse to bring her the rich Spoils of his Enemies, or never to return himself: *Adrastus* foam'd with Rage to see the Death of his Son and of many other Commanders, and the Victory slipping out of his Hands. *Phalantus*, almost crush'd at his Feet, is like a half slain Victim, who had escap'd the Edge of the sacred Knife, and was fled far away from the Altar. But one moment more and *Adrastus* had compleated the Ruine of the *Lacedemonian Phalantus*, drown'd in his own Blood and in that of the Soldiers who fought with him: But he hears the Shouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his Relief; in that Moment he regains new Life, and the Cloud that had already overspread his Eyes is dispell'd. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this Attack, leave *Phalantus*, and make head against a more formidable Enemy. *Adrastus* is like a Tyger, from whom a united Body of Shepherds snatches the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* fought him out in the Crowd, resolving at once to put an end to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy. But *Jupiter* refused to the Son of *Ulysses* so quick
and

and so easie a Victory. *Minerva* too was willing he should undergo more Difficulties, that he might the better understand how to govern Men. The impious *Adraftus* therefore was preserved by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby make greater Acquisitions of Glory and Virtue. A Cloud which *Jupiter* gather'd in the Air saved the *Daunians*; the Will of the Gods was declar'd in dreadful Thunderings; one would have thought that the eternal Arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the Heads of feeble Mortals; the blue Lightning Split the Clouds from Pole to Pole, and scare had they dazled the Eyes with their darting Flame, but all relapsed again into Midnight Darknes. In the same instant a mighty Shower of Rain falling, served likewise to part the two Armies. *Adraftus* took Advantage of the Succour of the Gods, without having any Regard to, or Just Sence of their Power, and for this Ingratitude deserved to be kept for a more severe Vengeance. He hasten'd to march his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Morass that reach'd as far as the River; this he did with so much Expedition and Dexterity, that this very Retreat was a Demonstration of his Presence of Mind and Readiness of Invention. The Allies, encourag'd by *Telemachus*, were for pursuing him; but by favour of the Storm he escap'd, as a swift-wing'd Bird out of the Nets of a Fowler. The Allies now no longer think of any thing

but returning to the Camp and repairing their Loss. In entering it they saw the most lamentable Effects of War: The Sick and Wounded not being able to Crawl out of their Tents, were consequently unable to avoid the Fury of the Fire: They were half burnt, sending up towards Heaven their doleful Cries end dying Shrieks. *Telemachus's* Heart was pierced with it; he could not refrain weeping; he often turn'd away his Eyes, being seized with Horrour and Compassion; he could not without shuddering behold those Bodies that were still alive and destined to a tedious and dreadful Death: They look'd like the Flesh of Victims, that is burnt on the Altars, and whose Smell spreads itself all around. Alas! said *Telemachus*, how mischievous are the Effects of War? What blind Fury pushes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are few upon the Earth, and those Days attended with Misery; why then will they hasten their Death, which is already so near? why then will they add so much dreadful Desolation to the Bitterness with which the Gods have dash'd this short Life? Tho' Men are all Brethren, yet the Savage Beasts are less cruel than they are to each other: The Lyons never make War with Lyons, nor the Tygers with Tygers; nor do they fall upon any Creatures of their own Species: Man alone, in despite of his Reason, does that which Beasts that are void of it would never have done. Again, what need is there for these Wars? Is there not
Land.

Land more than enough in the Universe to employ the Labour of all Mankind? What vast prodigious Tracts lye Defart? Mankind can never replenish them. What is it then that makes Princes spread the Flames of War over immensely spacious Kingdoms? Is it an empty Notion of Glory, a vain Title of Conqueror? Thus one Man, sent by the Gods into the World, as a Scourge, is an Instrument of Misery to so many other Men: To satisfy his Ambition and Vanity, every thing must go to Rack, every thing swim in Blood, every thing be destroy'd by Fire, and those who escape the Fire and Sword, must perish by more cruel Famine? In a word, one single Man makes all Humane Nature his Sport, and sweeps every thing away in one general Desolation, to please his Humour and ostentatious Vanity.

What monstrous sort of Glory is this! Can we too much detest and despise such Men as forego all Ties of Humanity? No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly so much as Men: They ought to be held in Execration by all succeeding Times which they were in hopes to be admired by. Ah! with how much Deliberation ought Princes to weigh every thing before they undertake a War! The Causes of it ought to be just; nor is that enough; they ought to be necessary: The Blood of a People ought not to be Spilt unless for their own Preservation in Cases of Extremity: But the Counsels of Flatterers, a mistaken Notion of

Grandeur, groundless Jealousies, and unreasonable Covetousness, cover'd with specious Pretexts, do insensibly engage Princes in Wars to their own Detriment, and put their whole to the Venture without any Necessity, and in the end prove no less fatal to their own Subjects than to the Enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reason; but he did not only confine himself to deplore the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd to alleviate them; you might see him go from Tent to Tent, visiting the sick and dying Soldiers; he distributed Money and Medicines among them; he cheer'd them by his friendly Discourses, and sent others to visit them when he could not do it himself. Among the *Cretans* that were with him there were two old Men, *Trausmaphilus* and *Nozofugus*. The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the Sons of *Æsculapius* the divine Art of curing Wounds: He us'd to pour into the deepest and most invenom'd Wounds an odoriferous Liquor, which eat away all the Dead and Putrified Flesh, without being forc'd to make Incisions, and which quickly caused new Flesh to grow more sound and better colour'd than the former. As for *Nozofugus*, he had never seen the Sons of *Æsculapius*, but by the Means of *Merione* he had got possession of a sacred and mysterious Book, which *Æsculapius* had given his Sons: Besides this, *Nozofugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in honour of the Children of *Latona*, and us'd every day to

to sacrifice a white unspotted Sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inspired. He no sooner saw a sick Person, but he could tell by his Eyes, the Colour of his Skin, the Conformation of his Body and the Manner of his Breathing, what the Source of his Malady was. Sometimes he would give them Sudorifick Remedies, and by the Success of these Sweatings, he demonstrated how much the Machine of our Bodies is increas'd or diminish'd, disorder'd or restor'd by Perspiration: In languishing Distempers he gave certain Drinks, which by Degrees recover'd the Noble Parts, and renew'd the Vigour of his Patients by sweetning their Blood: But he would often declare that it was for want of Virtue and Courage Men had so frequent Occasion for Physick. 'Tis a Shame, would he say, for Men to have so many Diseases: For a sober Life produces sound Health: Their Intemperance, said he, changes into deadly Poyson the Aliments which were destin'd to preserve their Life. Pleasure immoderately taken shortens Men's Days more than the best Medicaments can prolong them: The poor are less often sick for want of Food, than the Rich are by their Excess of it. The Foods that gratifie the Palates most, and which create a false Appetite, are poysonous instead of nutritious. Med'cines in themselves are really mischievous and destructive of Nature, and ought only to be us'd on pressing Occasions; but the grand Medicament, which is always harmless, always useful, is Sobriety,

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Temperance in all our Pleasures, Tranquility of Mind, and bodily Exercise; by this the Blood is sweeten'd, and kept in a good Temperament, and all superfluous Humours dissipated. Thus was *Nozofugus* less admir'd for his Medicines, than for the Regimen he prescrib'd to prevent Diseases, and to render Medicines unnecessary.

These two Men were sent by *Telemachus* to visit all the Sick in the Army. They cur'd many of them by their Medicaments, and many more by the Care they took in a seasonable and proper Application of them; they made it their Business to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noisome Air, and made them observe an exact and sober Diet, during their Recovery; the Soldiers were all deeply affected with a Sense of these Benefits, and gave thanks to the Gods for sending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army. This is no Mortal; said they, but doubtless some beneficent Deity under a humane Shape; at least, if he is a Man, he resembles more the Gods than the rest of Mankind, and is sent to the Earth only to do good; he is yet more amiable for his Sweetness and Charity than for his Valour. O that we could have him for our King! But the Gods reserve him for some more happy Nation, whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the Golden Age. *Telemachus*, while he went in the Night-time to visit the several Quarters of the Camp, to prevent the Stratagems of *Adrastus*, was an Ear-witness of these Commendations,

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commendations, which could not be suspected of Flattery. As such Commendations were the only sort he wish'd to have, his Heart were mov'd at it; he felt that sweet, that pure Delight which the Gods have ty'd to Virtue alone, and which ill Men, for want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe; but he did not give a Loose to the Enjoyment of this sort of Pleasure. The Faults he had committed came crowding again into his Mind; he did not forget his natural Haughtiness and Indifference to other Men; he was secretly ashamed that his natural Disposition should be so Harsh, and yet seem so Humane; he refer'd to the sage *Minerva* all the Glory that was given him, and which he thought himself undeserving of. It is thou, O great Goddess, did he say, that bestow'd *Mentor* on me to instruct me, and correct my evil Disposition; it is thou that hast bless'd me with Wisdom, to make me improve by my Faults, and distrust my self; it is thou that checkest my impetuous Passions: It is thou that makest me feel the Pleasure of relieving the Distressed; without thee I should be hated, and justly too; without thee I should commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who not being sensible of its own Weakness, lets go the Hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very first step it makes.

Nestor and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to see *Telemachus* grown so gentle, so obliging, so officious, so helpful, so ingenious to obviate even all Exigencies; they could not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another.

ther Man. What most surprized them was the Care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias* ; he went himself and fetch'd the bloody and disfigured Body from the Place where it lay bury'd beneath a heap of Carkasses : He bedew'd it with pious Tears, and said, O mighty Shade, Now thou knowest how much I esteem thy Valour ; 'tis true, thy Haughtiness did provoke me, but it proceeded from the Heat of thy Youth, and I am not unduly sensible how much that Age stands in need of Pardon. We should in time have been sincerely united in the Bonds of Friendship ; the Fault was wholly mine. O ye Gods, Why have you ravish'd him from me ? *Telemachus* afterwards caus'd the Body to be wash'd in odoriferous Liquors, and then gave Orders concerning the funeral Pile. The lofty Pines groaning beneath the Strokes of the Ax, come tumbling down from the tops of the Mountains ; the Oaks, those ancient Sons of the Earth, that seem'd to threaten Heaven ; the tall Poplars, the Elms, with their verdant Heads and thick-leav'd Branches ; the Beeches the Glory of the Forest, lay all fell'd along the Bank of *Galesus*. There they were rais'd into a Funeral Pile, resembling a regular Building ; the Flame begins to appear, and a Pillar of Smoke ascends up to the Skies. The *Lacedamonians* advance with a slow and mournful Pace, trailing their Pikes, and with their Eyes fix'd on the Ground ; bitter Sorrow stands imprinted on their warlike Faces, and the Tears trickle down in abundance.

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Next you might see the aged *Pherecides*, not so much depress'd by the number of Years, as by his Grief for surviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy. He rais'd towards Heaven his Hands and his Eyes that were drown'd in Tears. After the Death of *Hippias* he refus'd all manner of Food, nor was it in the Power of gentle Sleep to weigh down his Eye-lids, or to suspend the smartness of his Pain for a Moment. With a trembling Pace he march'd after the Crowd, not knowing whither he went; not a Word issued out of his Mouth, his Heart was so wrung with Grief; it was a silence of Despair and Dejection. But when he saw the Pile kindled, then he cry'd out in a Fury; O *Hippias*, *Hippias*, I shall never see thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I still live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occasion'd thy Death; 'twas I that taught thee to despise it; I believ'd thy Hands would have clos'd my Eyes, and that thou would'st have catch'd my latest Breath: Cruel Gods, to prolong my Life, only that I might see the Death of *Hippias*! O my dear Child, whom I had brought up with so much Care, I shall see thee no more, but I shall see thy Mother, whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I shall see thy young Spouse beating her Breast, tearing off her Locks, and I all the while am the unhappy Cause of it! O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; the Light grows hateful to me; and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wish to see again.

again. *Hippias, Hippias*; O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for is to pay my last Duty to thy Ashes!

Mean while you might see the Body of young *Hippias* stretch'd out on a Bier adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver; Death that had put out the Light of his Eyes, was not able to deface all his Beauty, and the Graces still appear'd in his pallid Face. Around his Neck, which was whiter than Snow, but now leaning on his Shoulder, his long black Hair hung loose, finer than those of *Atis* and *Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to Ashes. You might behold in his Side the gaping Wound, whereat all his Mass of Blood had issued out, and which had sent him down into the melancholy Regions of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, sad and dejected, followed the Corps close, strewing Flowers all the way. When they came to the Pile, the young Son of *Ulysses* could not without shedding new Floods of Tears behold the Flame, seize the Cloth in which the Body was wrapt. Adieu, said he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee Friend; be appeased, O Shade, who hast merited so much Renown! If I did not love thee I should envy thy Happiness; thou art rescued from those Miseries which still compass us Mortals; thou didst retire from them by the most glorious Path: Alas! how happy should I be if my End were the same! May *Styx* never be able to arrest thy Ghost; may the *Elysian* Fields be open to thee; may Fame preserve thy Renown

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noun throughout all Ages, and may thy Ashes rest in Peace! Scarce had he said these Words, intermixt with Sighs, when the whole Army set up a Cry; they were mov'd with Pity for *Hippias*, upon the recital of his great Actions; their Grief for his Death brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, made them forget all those Oversights which had been occasion'd by heat of Youth, or a faulty Education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender Sentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, said they, the young *Greek* that was so proud, so stiff-neckt, so haughty? Behold how gentle, how humane, how kind he is now become! Doubtless *Minerva*, who so much lov'd his Father, has the same Passion for the Son? Doubtless she has bestow'd on him the most valuable Blessing that the Gods can give to Mortals, in bestowing on him, together with Wisdom, a Heart that is susceptible of Friendship.

The Body was by this Time consum'd by the Flames: *Telemachus* did himself bedew the yet smoaking Ashes with a perfum'd Liquor; then he put them into a Golden Urn, which he crown'd with Flowers, and carry'd that Urn to *Phalantus*, who lay stretcht out, wounded in several Places, and in the Extremity of his Weakness, he already had a glimpse of the melancholy Gates of Death.

Already had *Trausmaphilus* and *Nozofugus* whom the Son of *Ulysses* had sent to attend him, strain'd all their Art for his Relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing Soul;
fresh

fresh Spirits sprung up insensibly in his Heart; a gentle and a penetrating Vigour, a Balsam of Life, insinuated itself from Vein to Vein, even to the inmost Recesses of his Heart; an agreeable Warmth reviv'd his Limbs; but in the very Moment that his fainting Fits left him, Grief of Mind succeeded: He began to be sensible of the loss of his Brother, which till then he had not been in a condition to consider. Alas! said he, Why all this Care to save my Life? Had not I better dye and follow my dear *Hippias*? I saw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the Comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I must now no longer see thee nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my Troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, Enemies to Mankind, must *Hippias* be for ever lost to me! Is it possible? Is it not a Dream? No, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, I have lost thee, I have seen thee dye, and I must live so long at least till I have reveng'd thee: I will sacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adrastus*, with thy Blood distain'd.

Whilst *Phalantus* was thus speaking, the two divine Men us'd their utmost Endeavours to assuage his Grief, for fear it should encrease his Ailments, and hinder the Operation of their Medicines. On a sudden he perceiv'd *Telemachus* coming to him; at first his Heart was combated by two contrary Passions; he had entertain'd a deep Resentment

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ment of what had pass'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: This Resentment was quicken'd by his Grief for the loss of *Hippias*; he could not but know that he ow'd the Preservation of his own Life to *Telemachus*, who rescu'd him all bloody and half dead, out of the Hands of *Adrastus*. But when he saw the Golden Urn which contain'd the beloved Ashes of his Brother *Hippias*; he pour'd forth a Flood of Tears, he embrac'd *Telemachus* without being able to speak a Word: At last with a languishing Voice, interrupted with Sobs, he said, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, your Virtue compels me to love you; to you I am beholden for this small remainder of Life, which is drawing towards its End: But I am still beholden to you for what is far more dear to me; Had you not hinder'd it, my Brother's Body had become a Prey to Vultures; had it not been for you, his Ghost, depriv'd of Sepulture, had wander'd miserable upon the Banks of the River *Styx*, continually repuls'd by the pitiless *Charon*. Must I be so deeply oblig'd to a Man whom I hated so much; repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this Load of Life! And thou, *Telemachus*, perform for Me the last Duty which you perform'd for my Brother, that nothing may be wanting to make your Glory complete.

At.

At these Words, *Phalantus* was quite spent and swallow'd up with Excess of Grief. *Telemachus* stay'd by him without daring to speak, and waiting till he had recover'd a little Strength. *Phalantus* soon coming again to himself, takes the Urn out of *Telemachus's* Hand: He kiss'd it over and over, watering it with his Tears, and said: O dear, O precious Ashes! When shall mine be enclos'd with you in the same Urn! O thou Ghost of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to the Shades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us both.

Mean while, *Phalantus* recover'd daily by the Care of those two Men possess'd of the Science of *Æsculapius*. *Telemachus* was always by them, that they might use the more Diligence in perfecting the Cure; and the whole Army admired more at his Goodness in easing thus his greatest Enemy, than at the Valour and Conduct he had shew'd in Battle, when he sav'd the Confederate Army. *Telemachus* at the same time shew'd himself indefatigable in the most rugged Hardships of War: He Slept little, and his Slumberings were often Interrupted, either by the Intelligence he every Hour in the Night receiv'd as well as by Day; or by viewing all Parts of the Camp, which he never did twice together at the same Hours, that he might the better surprise those who were Negligent. He would often return to his Tent cover'd o'er with Sweat and Dust: His Diet was plain; he liv'd like the common Soldiers, that he might set them an Example of Sobriety

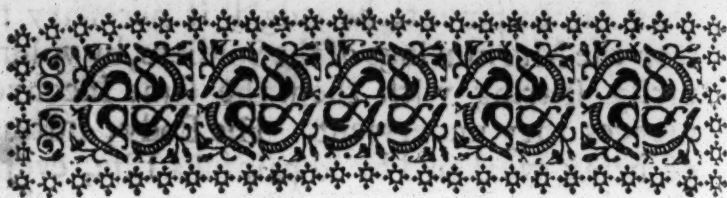
ety and Patience : Provisions growing scarce in that Encampment, he judg'd it necessary to stop the Murmurings of the Soldiers, by voluntarily sharing with them the same Inconveniences they underwent. His Body, instead of being weaken'd by so painful a Life, every Day became stronger and more harden'd : He began to lose those tender Graces which are as it were the Bloom of Youth : His Complexion grew brown, and less delicate, and his Limbs more manly and nervous.

Mean while, *Adrastus*, whose Troops had been considerably diminish'd in the Battle, had posted himself behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the Coming of some Re-inforcements, and try once more to surprize the Enemy ; like to a famish'd Lyon, which having been repulsed from the Sheepfold, returns again into the thick-wooded Forests, and re-enters his Den, where he whets his Teeth and Claws, waiting for a favourable Opportunity to destroy the whole Flock.

End of the Seventh Book.



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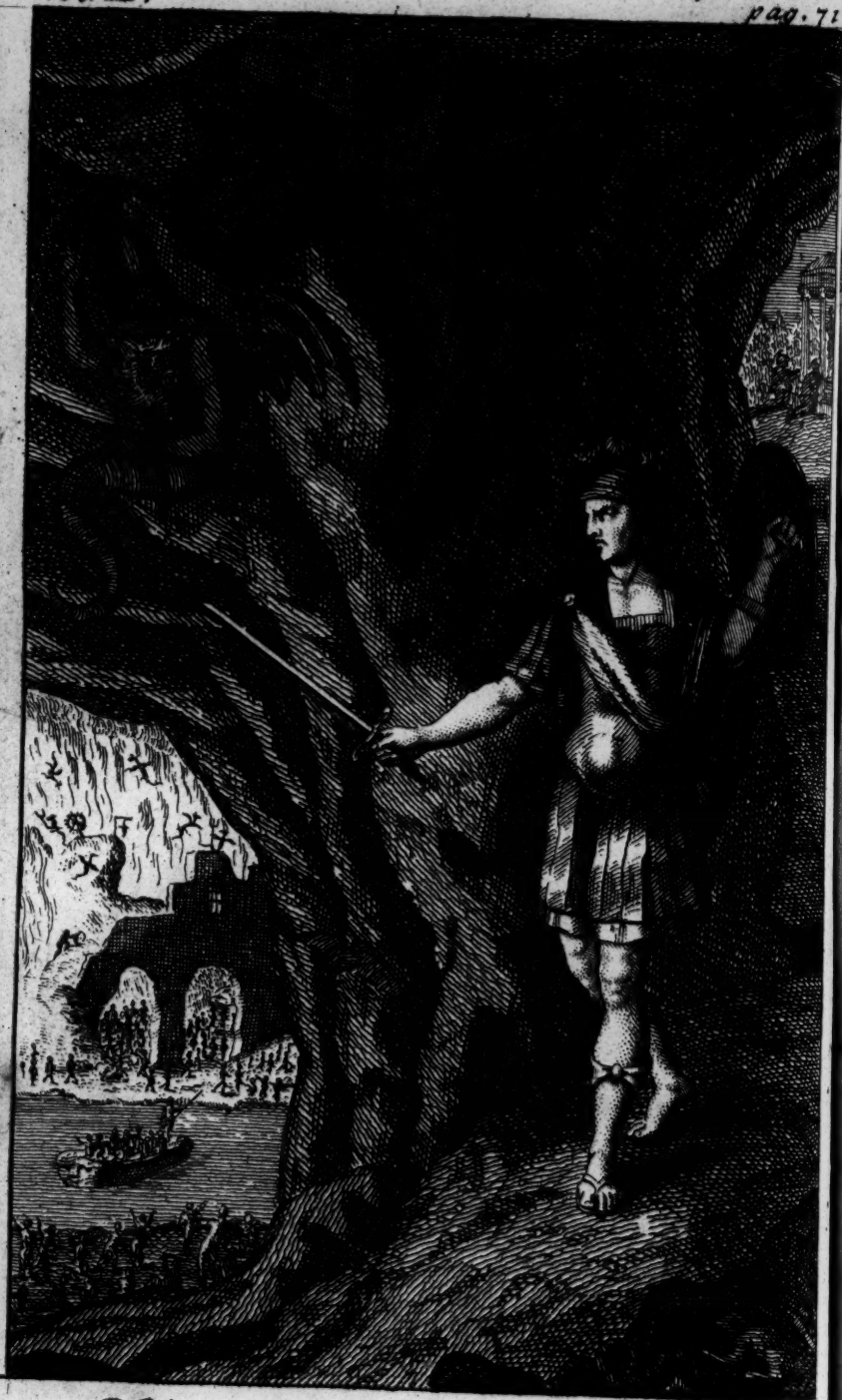
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus receives very melancholly Impressions from some Dreams, which represented his Father as Dead: He is inform'd that near to the Camp is a Cavern which leads to the Infernal Regions. He resolves to descend into it, and takes with him two Greeks to accompany him. They go thither, but the Greeks, being frighted at the Dreadfulness of the Place, forsake him. He enters by himself into the Cavern, and arrives on the Stygian Shore, where he meets with Charon, who receives him into his Bark, having taken in just before a Babylonian King in Chains.
Tele-





Telemachus descends to Hell.

Telemachus reaches the borders of Tartarus as Minos is sitting in Judgment upon a certain Philosophical King, who had never done any Evil, nor yet any Good out of a Love for the Gods. He meets with Pygmalion and Astarbe, who reflect bitterly on each other. He likewise observes all the most noted Offenders with their different Punishments. From hence Telemachus passes on to the Elysian Fields, where he finds Sesostris in a Flowry Grove; as likewise Pisistratus who was just Dead: And lastly, his Great-Grand-Father Arceſius, Father of Laertes, who knows him to be one of his Descendants, he stops him, and informs him that his Father is not Dead, nor Laertes neither; that he shall again see Ulyſſes and and his Native Country. Thus he Comforts him and gives him an Idea of the Happiness they enjoy in the Elysian Fields.



Telemachus, having introduc'd a strict Discipline throughout the whole Army, apply'd himself now solely to execute a Design he had already conceived, and which he communicated to none of the Commanders. He had been for a considerable Time disturb'd every Night with Dreams concerning his Father Ulyſſes, whose Image used always to return towards the Conclusion of the Night, before Aurora with her dawning Light began to chase from Heaven

ven the wandering Stars, and from the Earth gentle Sleep attended with fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he fancy'd he saw him Naked in one of the fortunate Islands, on a River's Bank, in a Meadow imbellish'd with Flowers amidst a Circle of Nymphs who threw Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a Palace glittering with Gold and Ivory where he was listen'd to with Pleasure and Admiration by Men crown'd with Garlands. At other times *Ulysses* appear'd to him of a sudden in those Feasts where Joy shines forth amidst delights, and where you might hear the soft Harmony of a Voice with a Harp more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muses.

Telemachus awaking would grow melancholly upon the Recollection of these agreeable Dreams. Oh my Father! Oh my dear Father, *Ulysses*! cry'd he; the most frightful Dreams had been pleasanter to me. These Images of Felicity signifie to me that you are already descended to the Mansion of blessed Souls, in which the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquility: Methinks I see the Elysian Fields: Oh how uneasie a thing it is to hope no more! Oh my much loved Father, I shall never see you more, never again embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I seek after with so much Pain and Toyl! Shall I never again hear the Voice of that Mouth which us'd to pour forth Wisdom! Shall I never again kiss those Hands,
those

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those precious, those victorious Hands by which so many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never punish the foolish Lovers of *Penelope*? And must *Ithaca* never rise again from her Ruins. Oh ye Gods, who are Enemies to my Father, 'tis you who send me these fatal Dreams, to tear from my Heart all Hope, which is the same as if you tore Life it self from me! No, I can no longer live in this Uncertainty: Alas! What said I? I am but too well-assur'd that my Father is no more: I'll go even to the Infernal Shades to find out his Ghost. *Theseus* went thither with good Success, *Theseus*, that impious Wretch, who durst offer Violence to the infernal Deities; whereas I am led thither by a Motive of Piety. *Hercules* descended thither: I am no *Hercules*, but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus* did by reciting his Misfortunes move the Heart of that God, who, they say, is inexorable; he obtain'd leave for *Eurydice* to return to the living. I have a juster Claim to Compassion than *Orpheus*, for my Loss is much greater. Is a young Girl, who was not matchless for her Beauty, is she, I say, to be compar'd with the sage *Ulysses* admir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let us dye, if it must be so; Why should we fear Death when we suffer so much in Life? O *Pluto*, O *Proserpine*, I will try whether you are so pitiless as you are reported to be. O my Father, after having in vain travell'd o'er Land and Sea to find you out, I will go see whether you are not in the melancholly Abodes

of the Dead : though the Gods refuse me the Pleasure of enjoying the sight of you upon the Earth, and in the Light of the Sun, perhaps they may not refuse me the sight of your Ghost in the Kingdom of Darknets. In speaking these Words *Telemachus* bedew'd his Bed with his Tears ; then presently he arose and endeavour'd by Enjoyment of the Light to mitigate the sharp Sorrow which his Dreams had occasion'd ; but it was an Arrow which had pierced his Heart, and which he continually carry'd about with him ; in this Anguish he took a Resolution to descend into the lower Regions by a famous Place not far from the Camp ; it is call'd *Acherontia*, because in this place there is a dreadful Cave which leads down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themselves are timorous how they swear. The Town was placed on a Rock like a Nest on the top of a Tree : At the Foot of the Rock was this Cavern to be seen, which fearful Mortals did not adventure to come near : The Shepherds were watchful to turn their Flocks from going that Way : The Sulphurous Vapours of the *Stygian* Lake incessantly exhaling thro' this Aperture, tainted the circumambient Air ; around it grew neither Herb nor Flower : There none ever felt the gentle Fannings of the Zephyrs, or saw the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich Donatives of Autumn ; the parch'd Ground look'd languishing, and nothing was to be seen but some few leafless Shrubs, and fatal Cypress Trees. Even at a distance from
the

the Place, *Ceres* deny'd her golden Harvest to the Labourers. In vain did *Bacchus* seem to promise his delicious Fruits: The Grapes wither'd instead of ripening. The melancholly *Naiades* could not conduct a limpid Stream; their Waves were always bitter and full of Mud. No warbling Bird was heard in this Desert o'ergrown with Thorns and Brambles; no Grove was there to shelter the feather'd Choiristers; they went and sung their Loves beneath a milder Sky. Nothing was heard but the croaking of the Ravens, and the Owls hideous Voice: The very Grass was bitter, and the Flocks which fed thereon did not feel that kindly Joy which uses to make them skip. The Bull flew from the Heifer, and the disconsolate Shepherd forgot his Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern there frequently issued forth a black thick Smoke, which made a sort of Night at mid-Day. At such times the neighbouring People redoubled their Sacrifices to appease the infernal Deities; but oftentimes Men, in the Flower of their Age, and in the Bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which these cruel Deities took pleasure to sacrifice by a fatal Contagion. It was here that *Telemachus* resolv'd to find out the Way into the black Abode of *Pluto*. *Minerva*, who never ceas'd watching over him, and had cover'd him with her *Ægis*, had bespoke *Pluto's* Favour, in his behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the Request of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every Day goes down to

the Regions below, to deliver into *Charon's* Hands a certain Number of Mortals) to desire the King of the Ghosts that he would permit the Son of *Ulysses* to come within his Dominions.

Telemachus, by favour of the Night, steals away from the Camp; he travels by the light of the Moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who in the Heavens appears the brilliant Planet of the Night, on Earth is the chaste *Diana*, and in Hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddess heard his Prayers with a favourable Ear, because his Heart was righteous, and because he was conducted by the pious Love of a dutiful Son. Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the Cave, when he heard the Roarings of the Subterranean Empire: The Earth trembled beneath him, and the Heavens arm'd themselves with Lightning and Fire, which threaten'd to fall down upon his Head. The young Son of *Ulysses* was surpriz'd and troubled, and his whole Body was cover'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage supported him, he rais'd up his Hands and Eyes towards Heaven. Great Gods, cry'd he, I accept these happy Omens, compleat your Work. He spoke, and redoubling his Pace went boldly forward: In an instant the thick Smoke which render'd the Entry of the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that came near it, was dissipated; the poysonous Smell for a while surceased, and *Telemachus* enter'd alone; for what other Mortal durst follow him? Two *Cretans* who had

had accompany'd him to a certain Distance from the Cave, and whom he had made privy to his Design, stood trembling and half dead a great way from it, in a Temple, pouring forth Prayers, and never expecting to see *Telemachus* again.

Mean while the Son of *Ulysses*, with his Sword in his Hand, rushes into this horrible Darkneſs; preſently he perceives a dim and faint Light, ſuch as we ſee in the Night-time on Earth. He obſerves the nimble Ghoſts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his Sword: Not long after he eſpies the melancholly Banks of the Marſhy River, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh Waters turn in a continual Whirl-pool: He diſcovers upon the Banks of it an innumerable Crowd of departed Souls, who were deſtitute of Burial, making fruitleſs Prayers to the unrelenting *Charon*. This Deity, whoſe eternal Age makes him moroſe and fretful, answers them with nothing but Threats and Repulſes; but at firſt ſight admits into his Boat the young Greek. *Telemachus* had no ſooner enter'd than he heard the mournful Groanings of a certain diſconſolate Ghoſt: He ask'd him what was the cauſe of his Miſery, and what he was upon Earth? I was, reply'd the Ghoſt, *Nabopolazar*, King of proud *Babylon*: All the People of the Eaſt trembled at the very Sound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* pay divine Honours to me in a Temple of Marble, where I was repreſented by a Statue of Gold, before which they burnt Night and Day the

most precious Perfumes of *Aethiopia*; all that presumed to contradict me were instantly punish'd: Fresh Diversions were every Day invented for me to render my Life pleasant; I was young and vigorous: O what Satisfaction, what luscious Enjoyments I had yet to taste in that exalted Condition! But a Woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me sensible that I was not a God. She poyson'd me, and I ceas'd to be: Yesterday my Ashes were with great Solemnity put into a Golden Urn. The People wept, they tore their Hair, and seem'd as if they would throw themselves into the Flames of my funeral Pile, and share my Fate: Some are still going to mourn at the Foot of the magnificent Tomb, where my Ashes are laid: but no Body does really lament the loss of me; even my own Family have my Memory in Abhorrence, and here below I begin already to suffer the most outrageous Abuses.

Telemachus, mov'd at this sight, said to him, Were you truly happy during your Reign? Did you feel that kindly Peace without which the Heart remains always blasted as it were amidst the greatest Pleasures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*; I don't so much as know what you mean: The *Sages* extol this Peace as the only Good; but for my part I never felt it, my Heart was incessantly ruffled with fresh Desires, with Fear and with Hope. I endeavour'd to stupify my self by the violent Agitation of my Passions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating Frensie
to

to make it lasting : The least sober Interval had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the Peace which I enjoy'd ; all other I took to be a mere Fable and a Dream : These are the Blessings which I regret. In speaking this the *Babylonian* wept like a pusillanimous poor-spirited Wretch, enervated by Prosperity, and unaccustom'd to bear Misfortunes with an undaunted Resolution. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been slain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them into *Charon's* Hands, together with their King, and had given them absolute Power over him, who, when on Earth, was their Master. The Ghosts of these Slaves now no more stood in awe of the Ghost of *Nabopharzan* : They kept him in Chains, and insulted him in the most opprobrious manner. One would say to him ; Were not we Men as well as thee ? How camest thou to be so senseless as to fancy thy self a God ? Ought'st thou not to have remember'd that thou wert but Flesh and Blood like other Men ? Another said to him, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a Man, for thou wert a Monster void of all Humanity. Another would say to him, Well, what is become of thy Flatterers ? Thou hast now nothing to bestow, poor Wretch ! 'tis out of thy Power to do any more Mischief ; thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves ; the Gods are sure though slow in executing Justice. At these harsh Expressions *Nabopharzan* flung himself flat on his Face, tearing his

Hair thro' excess of Rage and Desperation ; but *Charon* said to the Slaves, Pull him by his Chain, raise him up in spite of his Teeth ; he shall not have so much as the Satisfaction to conceal his Shame ; it must be seen by all the Ghosts about *Styx*, that they may bear Witness of it, and absolve the Gods, who so long suffer'd this impious Wretch to reign upon the Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy Sorrow : Prepare thy self for thy Trial ; prepare to appear before the inflexible *Minos*. While the terrible *Charon* was holding this Discourse, his Boat arriv'd at the Borders of *Pluto's* Empire : The Ghosts came thronging to view this living Man, that appear'd in the Boat among the Dead : But scarce had *Telemachus* landed e'er they all fled away like the Shades of Night, which are dissipated by the first Glimpse of Day. *Charon*, with a Brow less wrinkled, and Eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young *Greek*, O Mortal, Favourite of the Gods, since it is given thee to enter into the Kingdom of Night, inaccessible to all living Creatures, make haste and go where the Destinies call thee ; go through this gloomy Path to the Palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his Throne : He will permit thee to enter into those Places, the Secrets of which I am not allow'd to discover. Upon this *Telemachus* advances with a quick Pace ; he sees on all sides of him innumerable Multitudes of fluttering Ghosts, countless as the Sands of the Sea : Amidst the Hurry of this infinite Crowd,

Crowd, he is seiz'd with a divine Horrour, observing the profound Silence of these vast Regions. His Hair stood an end so soon as he reach'd the melancholly Mansion of the pitiless *Pluto*; his Knees tremble, his Voice fails him, and it was not without great Difficulty he pronounc'd these Words to the God: You see, O terrible Deity, the Son of the unhappy *Ulysses*: I come to enquire of you whether my Father is descended into your Dominions, or whether he is still wandering upon the Earth.

Pluto was seated on a Throne of Ebony; his Complexion was pale and severe; his Eyes deep-sunk but streaming forth fire; his Face wrinkled and menacing. The Sight of of a living Man was as odious to him as the Light is offensive to the Eyes of those Creatures that are accusom'd to keep within their Recesses till the Approach of Night. By his side appear'd *Proserpine*, who was his only Delight, and who seem'd in some Measure to disarm his Heart of it's ruggedness: She enjoy'd a Beauty that was always fresh; but there was added to her divine Graces a certain Severity which she borrow'd from her Spouse. At the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his sharp-edged Scythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black Cares, cruel Jealousies, Revenges glutted with Blood and full of Wounds; unjust Hatred, Covetousness gnawing itself, Despair tearing itself with its own Hands, wild Ambition that

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puts

puts every thing in combustion, Treason that feeds upon Blood and cannot enjoy the Fruits of its Wickedness; Envy that pours forth her deadly Venom all around her, and who grows outrageously mad when she is unable to do any Hurt, Impiety digging a bottomless Pit and desperately throwing herself into it, hideous Spectres, Phantomes that invest themselves in the Shapes of the Dead to frighten the Living, dreadful Dreams and Wakings full as dreadful: - With all these direful Images was the Stern *Pluto* surrounded, and with these were his Palace fill'd: He answer'd *Telemachus* with a deep-sounding Voice that made the Bottom of the *Ebrus* to roar. Young Mortal, Destiny has made thee violate this sacred Sanctuary of the Ghosts; follow thy Destiny: I will not tell thee where thy Father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; since he has been a King upon Earth, thou hast no more to do but to traverse on the one hand that Part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked Kings are punish'd; and on the other, the Elysian Fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'st not pass from hence into the Elysian Fields till thou hast gone through *Tartarus*; Make haste thither and get you out of my Dominions.

With this *Telemachus* seems to fly through the void and immense Spaces, so impatient was he to seek his Father, and to rid himself from the Presence of that horrible Tyrant, dreaded both by the Living and the Dead. He
pre-

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presently finds himself on the Borders of the melancholly *Tartarus*, from whence there arose a black and a thick Smoke, whose Pestilential Stench would have brought present Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the Living: This Smoke sate upon a River of flaming Fire, the Noise whereof like that of the most impetuous Cataracts falling from some steep Rock into a Bottomless Pit, struck those almost deaf that enter'd into those dismal Places.

Telemachus, secretly encourag'd by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this Gulph. At first he perceiv'd a great Number of Men, who had liv'd in the meanest Condition, and who were punish'd for having heap'd up Riches by Fraud, Treachery and Cruelty. He observ'd great Numbers of impious Hypocrites, who, making as if they lov'd Religion, employ'd it as a fair Pretext to cover their Ambition and to impose upon the Credulous: These Men, who had abus'd Virtue itself, (the greatest Gift the Gods have to give) were punish'd as the most accurst of all Mankind. The Children who had kill'd their Fathers or Mothers, Wives who had imbru'd their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands, Traytors who had sacrific'd their Country after they had violated all the most solemn Oaths, were less severely punish'd than these Hypocrites. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, which was ground'd upon this; because, the Hypocrites not thinking it enough to be ill like the rest of the Wicked,

ed, would pass for good Men, and so by their counterfeit Virtue they are the Cause that People are afraid to trust those who are really Virtuous. The Gods whom they mock'd, and whom they made despicable in the Eyes of Men, take Delight in exercising their whole Power to revenge such Insults.

Near to these appear'd another sort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine Vengeance punishes without Mercy. These are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers who commend Vice; the malicious Censurers who endeavour to sully the brightest Virtue; in fine, those who have rashly pass'd Sentence without thorowly considering Things, and thereby have prejudiced the Reputation of the Innocent; but of all Ingratitudes that which was punish'd as the blackest is that which is committed against the Gods: What, says *Minos*, shall a Man be reputed a Monster that fails in his Acknowledgements to his Father or to his Friend from whom he has receiv'd Assistance, and shall Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold Life and all the Benefits belonging to it! Do they not owe their being to them more than to the Parents of whom they are born; and the more such Crimes are excus'd upon Earth, the more they become objects of Vengeance here below, where nothing can escape the test.

Telemachus seeing the three Judges passing Sentence upon a Man, took the Liberty to
ask

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ask them what were his Crimes. The Criminal immediately taking upon himself to answer; cry'd out: I never did the least Evil; on the contrary I plac'd my greatest Happiness in doing good: I have been always generous, liberal, just, complaisant; what have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* answer'd: We have nothing to accuse thee of with respect to Men, but didst thou not owe to them far less than what you did to the Gods! Where is then that Justice thou so much brag'st of: Thou hast fail'd in nothing towards Men, who are nothing; thou hast been virtuous, but thou hast refer'd all thy Virtue to thy self, and not to the Gods who gave it thee. Thou had'st a mind to enjoy the Fruits of thy own proper Virtue and made it center in thy self: Thou hast been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who were the Creators of all things and who have made nothing but for themselves, cannot renounce their Right; as thou did'st forget them they will forget thee, and surrender thee up to thy self; since for thy self thou liv'dst and not for them, find now (if thou canst) Consolation in thy own Heart. Thou art now for ever separated from the Company of Men, whom thou did'st study so much to please; thou art now alone with thy self, thy own Idol: Know that there is no true Virtue without the Reverence and Love of the Gods, to whom every thing is due: Thy sham Goodness, which has so long dazzled the Eyes of credulous Mankind, shall

be

be now laid open and put to Confusion : Such Men as judge of Virtue and Vice only with respect to their own Conveniency, are blind both as to good and evil ; but in this Place a divine Light overthrows all their superficial Opinions, condemning what they had admir'd, and justifying what they condemn.

And now the Philosopher, as if he had been Thunderstruck, could no longer endure himself ; the Complacency with which he formerly contemplated his own Moderation Courage and Generosity, were now turn'd into Despair ; the Review of his own Heart, which had been so false to the Gods, became his Punishment : He sees himself, and spight of all he can do, is not able to turn his Eyes from the hateful Object : He now sees the Vanity of the Esteem of Men, which in all his Actions he had endeavour'd to obtain : There is a universal Revolution of every thing within him, as if all his Entrails were turn'd up-side down ; he is not now the Man he was before ; his Heart no longer gives him Support or Comfort ; his Conscience, whose Testimony was formerly so pleasing to him, flies in his Face, and terribly upbraids him with the Deceit and Illusion of all his Virtues, which had not the Honour of the Gods either for their Principle or their Object. He is troubled, disorder'd, fill'd with shame, Remorse and Despair : The Furies indeed did not exercise their Rage upon him, but let him alone, that he might be his own Tormentor, and his own
Heart

Heart sufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had despis'd : Since he cannot hide himself from himself, he sought the darkeſt Places to hide himſelf from others : He courts the Shades of Obscurity but cannot find them ; perſecuting Light follows him every where ; every where the piercing Rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her ; what he lov'd formerly now becomes loathſome to him, as being the Source of his Miſeries which are never to have an End. He ſays to himſelf : Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods, nor Mankind, nor my ſelf : No, I have been ignorant of every thing, ſince I never lov'd the only and true Good : Every Step I took was wrong ; my Wiſdom was nothing but Folly, and my Virtue nothing but an impious and deluded Pride ; for I idoliz'd nothing but my ſelf.

Then *Telemachus* took notice of thoſe Kings that were puniſh'd for having abus'd their Power. On one hand a vindictive Fury holds up to them a Mirror which repreſented to them all their Vices in their full Deformity : There they ſaw, in ſpite of themſelves, their fulſome Vanity that greedily ſwallow'd down the groſſeſt Flattery ; their Obduracy towards Men, for whoſe Benefit they were born ; their Inſenſibility of Virtue ; their Dread to hear the Truth ; their Love of baſe Men and Flatterers ; their Inapplication, their Effeminacy, their Sloth, their Jealouſie, their Pride, their exceſſive Pomp built upon the Ruin of their People ; their Ambition

Ambition to purchase a little vain Glory with the Blood of their Subjects: In fine, their Cruelty, which every Day hunts out for new Pleasures amidst the Tears and Distresses of so many unhappy Wretches.

In this Mirrour they incessantly behold themselves under Images more dreadful and monstrous than the Chimera that was vanquish'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lyrnean* Hydra, which was destroy'd by *Hercules*, or than *Cerberus* himself, tho' he disgorges from his three hideous Throats a black and venomous Gore, capable to infect the whole Race of Mankind with poysonous Exhalations.

At the same time, on the other Hand, another Fury did insultingly repeat to them the Encomiums that their Flatterers had bestow'd on them while alive, and presented another Mirrour, wherein they saw themselves under the same Representations as Flattery had described them. The Opposition of these so contrary Portraits was the Punishment of their Vanity. It was found that the most wicked of these Kings were such, as during their Life, had receiv'd the most exalted Praises; because the Evil are more dreaded than the Good, and shamelessly exact the sordid and nauseous Flatteries of the Poets and Orators of their Time. You might hear them groan in their dark Caverns, where they can see nothing but the Mockings and Insults which they are oblig'd to suffer. They have none about them but such as repulse, contradict and oppose them; whereas on Earth they

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they sported themselves with the Lives of Men and pretended that all Things were made for them alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious Humours of certain Slaves, who make them feel in their Turn the Severities of a cruel Bondage; their Slavery is painful, nor have they the least Hopes of its ever being otherwise: Under the lash of those Slaves, now become their Tyrants, they seem like the Anvil beneath the Hammers of the Cyclops, when *Vulcan* stands over them to make them work in the glowing Furnaces of Mount *Aetna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous and melancholly Countenances, occasion'd by gnawing Grief, which the Criminals felt within themselves, nor can they any more deliver themselves from this Horror than from their own very Nature. They need no other Punishment for their Crimes than their Crimes themselves, which incessantly stare them in the Face, with all their most aggravating Circumstances: They present themselves to them like horrible Apparitions, they pursue them, whilst those who are pursu'd, in order to secure themselves, call for a Death more powerful than that which separated them from their Bodies. In the heighth of their Despair they court a Death that can extinguish in them all Sense and Thought: They call upon the Deep to swallow them up, that they may be rescu'd from the avenging Beams of Truth, which follows them; but all to no Purpose, for they are reserv'd for a Vengeance
which.

which distils upon them Drop by Drop, and will never be dry'd up. The Truth, which they dreaded to see, now becomes their Punishment; they see it, but whilst it flies in their Face, the sight of it puts them besides themselves; 'tis like the Lightning, which without destroying the Outside, penetrates to the inmost parts of the Bowels; like to Metal in a flaming Furnace, the Soul is at it were liquify'd in this avenging Fire; its Texture is destroy'd, and yet there is nothing consum'd; it dissolves even the very first Principles of Life, and yet 'tis impossible for it to dye: They are torn from themselves, and can find neither Ease nor Comfort for the least Minute: They subsist only by their Revenge upon themselves, and by a Despair which makes them furious.

Among the many Objects which made *Telemachus's* Hair stand erect, he saw several of the ancient Kings of *Lydia*, punish'd for having prefer'd Indolence to Activity, which ought to be inseparable from Royalty, for the ease of the People.

These Kings reproach'd each other for their Folly and Stupidity, one of them said to another, who had been his Son, Did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and sinking to my Grave, to take care to redress those Mischiefs which I had committed thro' Negligence? The Son reply'd, O unfortunate Father, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas by your Example that I grew acquainted with Pride, Arrogance, and Cruelty to Mankind.

While

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While I saw you reign in so indolent a manner amidst a Crew of Sycophants, I habituated my self to the Love of Flattery and Pleasure: I thought the rest of Men were, in respect of Kings, what brute Beasts are in regard to Men; that is to say, Beasts which are no otherwise esteem'd, than as they are serviceable, and minister to our Convenience: This was my Opinion, and it was from you I deriv'd it, and now I endure all these Miseries for imitating your Example. From thus reflecting upon each other, they proceeded to the most dreadful Curses, and fell into such bitter Passions, that they seem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal. Around these Kings there likewise hover'd, like Owls in the Night-time, cruel Suspicions, vain Alarms, Diffidencies which revenge Subjects upon their inhumane Kings, insatiable Thirst of Riches, a false Glory that is ever Tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy which doubles all the Evils they suffer, without the Person's ever being able to take any solid Pleasure. Many of these Kings were severely punish'd, not for the Ill they had done, but for the Good they ought to have done: All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Remissness in executing the Laws, were imputed to their Kings, as likewise all the Disorders which arise from Pride, Luxury, and all other Excesses, which throw Men into a State of Violence, and occasion them to despise the Laws, so they may acquire Wealth. Above all, those Kings were treated with great
Rigour,

Rigour, who instead of being good and vigilant Shepherds over the People, thought of nothing but how to worry their Flocks like so many voracious Wolves. But that which most troubled and surprized *Telemachus* was to see in this Abyss and Darknes of Misery, a great many Kings, who had pass'd on Earth for tolerably good Princes, now condemn'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for suffering themselves to be over-rul'd by wicked and designing Men : These were punish'd for the Evils which they had given way to ; besides, most of those Kings were neither good nor wicked, their Weakness was so great ; they never had dreaded being kept in Ignorance of the Truth, they never had a relish for Virtue, nor plac'd their Glory in doing good.

No sooner had *Telemachus* got out of this Place, but he felt himself as much eased as if a huge Mountain had been remov'd off his Breast : By this he was convinced of the Misery of those who are shut up therein, without hope of being ever released : He shiver'd in observing how much Kings were more grievously tormented than other Criminals. What, said he, so many Duties, so many Perils, so many Snares, so many Difficulties in coming at the Truth to guard against others, and against one self too, and at last so many horrible Tortures in Hell, after having been so envy'd, so worry'd, and so thwarted in a short course of Life ! Oh how stupid is he that courts a Crown ! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable manner of Life, wherein he
may

may with more ease be virtuous! In making these Reflections his Mind was troubled and disorder'd, he was brought under a Consternation which made him feel something of that Despair those miserable Princes suffer'd, whose wretched Condition he had been considering. But the further he made off from these Territories of Darkness Horror and Despair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he breathed anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a Distance that kindly and pure Light which stream'd from the Mansions of the Heroes.

Here resided all those virtuous Kings, who till that time had govern'd Mankind with Prudence. They were separated from other good Men. As wicked Princes were infinitely more severely punish'd in *Tartarus* than those of inferior Condition, so these good Kings enjoy'd in the *Elysian* Fields, a Happiness infinitely exceeding that of the rest of Mankind who had devoted themselves to Virtue when upon Earth. *Telemachus* advances towards these Kings, who were solacing themselves in odouriferous Groves on the ever fresh and flowry Green: A thousand little Rivulets water'd this beauteous Place with a Chrystal Stream, which imparted a delicious freshness all around: An infinite number of pretty Birds made these Groves resound with their melodious Chanting: Here was seen at once the Flowers of the Spring springing up beneath ones Feet, and the rich Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees over head: Here was
never

never felt the scorching Heat of the Dog-Star, nor durst the bleak North Winds dare to breath forth the Rigours of Winter; neither War that thirsts after Blood, nor cruel Envy that bites with an invenom'd Tooth, nor Jealousies, Distrusts, Fears, nor vain Desires did ever approach this blessed Mansion of Peace: Here the Day knows no End, and the Night with her sable Veil is utterly unknown; an unalloy'd agreeable Light spreads itself round the Bodies of these righteous Men, and invests them like a Garment: It is not like that which lightens up the Eyes of miserable Mortals, which compar'd to this is no better than Darkness: It is rather a Celestial Glory than a Light, for it penetrates more subtilly the thickest Body, than the Beams of they Sun can pierce the purest Chrystal; yet it never dazles, but, on the contrary, strengthens the Eyes, and feeds and maintains the whole Soul in inexpressible Serenity. It is this alone that nourishes those blessed Men, penetrates them, and incorporates it self with them; they see it, they feel it, they breath it; it causes an inexhaustible Fountain of Peace and Joy to spring up in their Souls: They plunge into this Abyss of Joy as Fishes into the Sea; they desire nothing; they have all things without having any thing, for the relish of this pure Light satisfies the Hunger of their Souls; their utmost Wishes are gratify'd, and their Plenitude raises them above all that empty hungry Minds court upon Earth: All the Pleasures that surround them are nothing to them,

them, because their consummate Happiness, which proceeds from within them, admits no room for any Delights to enter from without: Just as the Gods, who, satiated with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, would reject and nauseate those gross Meats, which the most exquisite Table of Mortals could set before them; every thing that is evil flies away from these calm Abodes: Death, Sicknes, Poverty, Pain, Lamentation, Remorse, Fear, and Hope too (which often costs us as much as our very Fear) Divisions, Disgusts and Vexations can find no access here: The lofty Mountains of *Thrace*, which with their Brows (cover'd with everlasting Snow) do split the Clouds, might sooner be overturn'd from their Foundations which are fix'd in the Center of the Earth, than the Hearts of these righteous Men be mov'd in the least Degree; only they compassionate the Inhabitants of the Earth for the Miseries that oppress them; but then it is such a sweet and calm kind of Compassion, as alters not in the least their unchangeable Felicity: Eternal Youth, ever-during Happiness, and All-divine Glory is impress'd on their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is frothy or indecent: It is a noble majestick Joy; 'tis a sublime taste of Truth and Virtue that transports them; they are every Moment without Interruption seiz'd with such an Elevation of Heart, as is felt by a tender Mother at the sight of her beloved Son, whom she had given over for Dead: But this Rapture, which soon forsakes

fakes such a Mother's Heart, never forsakes the Souls of these Men; it never decays in the least, it is always fresh and new; they have the Transports of Inebriation, without the Disorder and Stupefaction of it: They discourse together of what they see and taste, they trample under foot the fond Delights and vain Poms of their former Conditions, they with Pleasure reflect on those sad but short Years, wherein they were oblig'd to struggle against their own Inclinations, and the Torrent of corrupt Men, to become virtuous: They admire the Assistance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the Hand, in the Paths of Virtue, thro' a multitude of Perils; something unspeakably Divine runs incessantly thro' their Hearts, like a Flood of the Divine Nature it self, which unites it self to them: They see, they feel that they are happy, and are sensible they shall always be so; they all sing together the Praises of the Gods, and all of them together make but one Voice, one Thought, one Heart, one Felicity, which is like a Flux and Reflux in these united Souls: While they enjoy these divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away more swiftly than Hours do with Mortals here on Earth, and yet a thousand and a thousand Ages, when elapsed, do not detract the least from their Felicity, which is always new, and always entire: They all reign together, not on such Thrones as the Hand of Man can overturn, but in themselves, with a Power that can never be shaken; for now they are

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no more concern'd to make themselves formidable, by a Power borrow'd from a vile and miserable People; no longer wear those vain Diadems, beneath whose dazzling Lustre lurk so many Fears and melancholly Cares: The Gods themselves have placed on their Heads such Crowns whose Gl'ry nothing can ever tarnish.

Telemachus, who was in quest of his Father and was once afraid of finding him in these Regions, was so ravish'd with this Taste of Peace and Felicity, that he could have wish'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd that he himself should be forc'd to return again into the Society of Mortals: here it is, said he, that true Life is to be found, and what on the Earth is call'd Life is nothing but Death: But what surpriz'd him was, his seeing so many Kings punish'd in *Tartarus*, and so few bless'd in the Elysian Fields. This convinc'd him that there are few Kings who are firm and courageous enough to withstand their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of so many Men who study to excite all their Passions; so that good Kings must need be very rare, and the greatest part are so wicked, that the Gods would not be just, if when they have suffer'd them to abuse their Power during their Life, they should not chastise them after their Death.

Telemachus, not finding his Father among these Kings, look'd about him to see if he could find at least his Grandfather the divine *Laertes*.

Whilst he was doing this, a venerable majestic old Man made up to him; he did not look like one that was depress'd with Age; it was only a Mixture of all the Gravity of numerous Years, with all the Graces of Youth; for those Graces revive, even in the most decrepit old Men, the Moment they enter into the Elysian Fields. This Man advanc'd hastily towards *Telemachus*, and look'd upon him with all the Complacency imaginable, as on a Person who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, began to be seiz'd with Trouble and Surprise. I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear Son, said the old Man to him: I am *Arceſius*, Father of *Laertes*; I resign'd my Breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandſon ſet out for the Siege of *Troy*: Thou wert then an Infant in thy Nurſes Arms; I even then conceiv'd great Hopes of thee, nor was I mistaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto's* Kingdoms to ſearch thy Father, and ſince the Gods are thy Support in this Enterprize. O happy Child! thou art favour'd by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a Glory equal to thy Father's! O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more thy Father in theſe Regions; he is yet alive, reſerv'd to advance our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, tho' he bends beneath the Weight of Years, yet ſtill enjoys the Light, and waits for his Son's coming to cloſe his Eyes. Thus Mortals paſs away like Flowers that blow in the Morning, and in the Evening are wither'd and trampled under

under foot : The Generations of Men are as transient as the Waters of a Torrent ; nothing can stop the Course of Time, which sweeps away even such things as seem to be the most immoveable. Thou, O my Son, my dear Son, thou, who now enjoy'st a Youth so lively and so adapted for Pleasure, forget not that this bright part of thy Life is nothing but a Flower that is almost as soon gone as come ; thou wilt see thy self insensibly chang'd ; the smiling Graces, the gentle Joys, Strength, Health and Jollity will vanish like a delightful Dream, and will leave behind them nothing but the sad Remembrance. Languid old Age, that Enemy of Pleasure, will wrinkle thy Brow, bend thy Body double, weaken thy trembling Limbs, dry up in thy Heart the Source of Joy, make thee disrelish what is present, and dread what is to come, and kill in thee a Sense of every thing but Pain and Sorrow. This seems to thee a distant and remote thing ; but alas, my Son, thou art deceiv'd, it hastens towards thee, and will soon reach thee : That which advances with so much Rapidity cannot be far from thee ; Time is always upon the Wing ; nay, the present Time is already gone far away, since it is annihilated in the Moment we are speaking, and can come near us no more. Never therefore, O my Son, rely on the present, but let the Prospect of Futurity support thee in the rough uneven Path of Virtue : Prepare thy self, by a rectify'd Morality, and the Love of Justice, for a Place in

the happy Seat of Peace: Thou art born to reign after thy Father *Ulysses*, whom thou shalt in time see Master of *Ithaca*: Thou art born to reign, but alas, O my Son, how deceitful a thing is Royalty! If you look on it afar off, you see nothing but Authority Grandeur and Pleasure: But if you approach near to it, it is full of Thorns and Difficulties. A private Man may, without Disgrace, lead a calm obscure Life: but a King cannot, without Reproach, prefer an easie unactive Life to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himself to the Nation he governs, and is not allow'd to be his own Man; his least Slips are of infinite Consequence, because they occasion National Miseries, and that sometimes for several Ages. He ought to quell the Audaciousness of wicked Men, support Innocence, and discountenance Calumny. 'Tis not enough for him to do no Ill; he must do all the possible Good that his People stands in need of. 'Tis not enough for him to do good for his own Part; but he must likewise prevent all the Mischiefs others would do, were they not restrain'd. Let so perillous a Condition therefore, O my Son, be the Object of thy Fear: be arm'd with Courage against thy self, against thy Passions, and against Flatterers. *Arcefius*, as he spoke these Words, seem'd possess'd with a Divine Flame, and carry'd a Countenance full of Compassion for the Miseries that are concomitant with Royalty. The Kingly Condition, said he, if assum'd for the gratifying a
Man's

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Man's own self, is a monstrous Tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous People, as a Father guides his Children, 'tis a laborious Servitude that requires Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other hand, 'tis certain that those who have reign'd with an untainted Virtue, are here in possession of all that the Gods can possibly give to render their Happiness consummate. While *Arceſius* was laying himself out in this manner, his Words sunk deep into *Telemachus's* Heart, and were impressed therein like those indelible Figures which an able Artist graves in Brass, in order to transmit them to the most remote Posterity. His sage Discourse was like a subtile Flame that pierced into the very Bowels of the young *Telemachus*, whose Heart seem'd to melt thro' a supernatural Operation. That which lodg'd in the most intimate Recesses of his Soul, secretly consumed him; he could neither contain it, nor support it, nor resist so violent an Impression; it was a sweet and bewitching kind of Pain, a lively and delightful Sentiment, mixt with a sort of Torment capable of depriving one of Life.

At length *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the Countenance of *Arceſius* a great resemblance of *Laertes*, he thought too that he remember'd, tho' imperfectly, in his Father *Ulyſſes* the same kind of Lineaments, when he set out for *Troy*. This resemblance melted down his Heart, so that his Eyes started with Tears of Joy; he would needs

embrace a Person so dear to him, and several times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty Shadow still mock'd his straining Arms, just as a delusive Dream flies from a Man when he thinks he has it fast: One while his thirsty Mouth pursues a fugitive Stream; another while his Lips move themselves to form Words which his stiffen'd Tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his Hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratifie the ardent Longings of his Soul; he sees *Arcefius*, hears him, speaks to him, but cannot touch him: At length he asks him who those Men are that stand round him. They are, my Son, said the grave old Man, such Persons as have been the Ornament of the Age they liv'd in, the Glory and Happiness of Mankind: Thou seest the few Kings who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully discharged the Function of Gods upon Earth: Those others whom thou seest not far from them, but parted by that small Cloud, enjoy a less Degree of Glory; these indeed are Heroes, but the Recompence of their Valour and Military Expeditions is not to be compar'd with that of wise just and beneficent Princes. Among those Heroes thou beholdest *Theseus*, who wears a sort of Sadness on his Brow. He was so unhappy as to rely too much upon an intriguing Wife, and is still afflicted for having so unjustly beg'd of *Neptune* the Death of his Son *Hyppolytus*: Happy had it been for him if he had not been
so

so easily transported by his Cholerick Disposition ! Thou also seest *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, by reason of the Wound which the lewd *Paris* gave him on his Heel, and which was the Cause of his Death. Had he been as wise and moderate as he was fearless, the Gods would have granted him a long Reign ; but they were compassionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whose King he was to have been, had he, according to the Course of Nature, surviv'd his Father *Peleus* ; the Gods were unwilling to deliver over so many People to the Mercy of a hot-brain'd Man, more easily provok'd than the most unquiet Sea is to be mov'd by a sudden Storm ; the fatal Sisters cut his Thread of Life, and he was like a half-blown Flower mow'd down by a Plough-share, and which dies before the End of the Day that gave it birth. The Gods were willing to use him only as they do Torrents and Tempests, to punish Men for their Crimes : They employ'd *Achilles* to demolish the Walls of *Troy*, revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and chastise the unjust Amours of *Paris* : After having thus made use of him as the Instrument of their Vengeance, they are pleas'd ; they were inexorable to the Tears of *Thetis*, and refus'd to suffer that young Hero any longer on the Earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb Mankind, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms. But dost thou observe that other Person who looks so sternly ? 'Tis *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, and Cousin of *Achilles* : Doubtless you are not to

be inform'd what Glory he acquired in Battle : After the Death of *Achilles* he pretend-
ed that his Armour ought not to be bestow'd
on any but himself : Thy Father did not think
fit to yield him up that Advantage, and the
Greeks adjudged them to *Ulysses*. *Ajax*, up-
on this, kill'd himself in despair : Rage and
Indignation are still legible in his Face : Do
not go near him, my Son, for he would
think that you had a mind to insult him on
account of his Misfortune, for which he
ought justly to be pity'd. Dost thou not ob-
serve that he looks at us with Uneasiness, and
is just now hurrying away into the gloomy
Grove, because he hates to see us. He on
the other side is *Hector*, who had been in-
vincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not been
born. But take notice there of *Agamemnon*,
who still carries upon him the Marks of *Cly-
temnestra's* Perfidy : O my Son, I tremble to
think of the Misfortunes of the impious *Tan-
talus's* Family. The Division of the two
Brothers *Atreus* and *Thyestes* fill'd that House
with Horror and Blood. Alas ! How many
Crimes does but one Crime draw after it !
Agamemnon, when he return'd at the Head
of the *Greeks* from the Siege of *Troy*, had
not time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he ac-
quir'd in War : And this is the common De-
stiny of almost all Conquerors. All the Men
whom thou seest yonder have been formida-
ble in War, but they were not amiable or
virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to
the second Mansion of the Elysian Fields : As
for

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for those others who have reign'd with Justice, and have had a tender Love for their People, they are the Favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Quarrels and Battles, do still even here retain their unquiet Disposition and natural Infirmities, while they in vain regret the Life they have lost, and teaze themselves with the Thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain Shadows; those just Kings, being purify'd by the divine Light which feeds 'em, have nothing more to desire to make them happy; with Eyes of Compassion they behold the Restlessness of Mortals; and the great Designs which worry the Thoughts of ambitious Men, appear to them like the Plays of Children; their Hearts are replenish'd with Truth and Virtue, which they imbibe at the Fountain-Head: They have nothing more to suffer either from themselves or from others; no more Appetites, no more Necessities, no more Fears. Every thing is at an end with them, except their Joy, which is endless. Consider, my Son, that ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*: Thou seest how Mild, and yet how Majestick he appears, notwithstanding his old Age. Flowers grow beneath his Feet, and his light tread seems to resemble the flight of a Bird: He holds in his Hand a golden Harp, and with eternal Raptures sings the wonderful Works of the Gods: From his Heart and his Mouth an exquisite Odour takes its being; the Melody of his Lyre and

Voice were enough to ravish the Gods as well as Men ; he is thus rewarded for the tender Affection he bore to the People whom he assembled within the Compass of his new Walls, and whose Legislator he was.

On the other side you may see, among those Myrtles, the *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the first King of *Athens*, a City consecrated to that wise Goddess whose Name it bears: *Cecrops* brought beneficial Laws from *Ægypt* (a Country which has been to *Greece* the Source both of Literature and Morality.) He refin'd the unpolish'd Tempers of the *Attick* People, and united them by the Bands of Society. He was conspicuous for Justice, Humanity, and a symphathizing Compassionateness : He left his People in great Prosperity and Affluence, and his own Family but indifferently provided for ; he was not willing his Children should succeed him in his Authority, because he judged there were others more deserving of it. I must not omit to shew thee *Eryethon* in that little Valley ; he invented the Use of Silver for Money ; he did it with a Design to facilitate Commerce among the Islands of *Greece* ; but he foresaw the Inconveniency consequent to his Invention. Apply your selves (said he to all the People) to multiply at your own Homes the Riches of Nature, which are the true Riches : Cultivate and Improve the Earth, that you may have Plenty of Corn, Wine, Oyl and Fruit : Get innumerable Flocks, that may feed you with their Milk, and cloath you
with

with their Wool; and by this Means you need never fear falling into Poverty: The more Children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to Labour and Industry; for the Earth is inexhaustible, and augments her Fruitfulness in proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants who are diligent to Manure her: She bountifully rewards the Labour of them all, whereas she is niggard and reserved to them who are negligent in her Culture; endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true Wealth, which is sufficient to answer all the real Calls of Mankind; as for coyn'd Money it ought not to be valued any further than as it is subservient to the carrying on such Wars as you are unavoidably engaged in abroad, or in the Way of Commerce for purchasing such necessary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country, and it were to be wish'd that there were no longer in the World any Trafficking for such things as serve only to keep up Luxury, Vanity, and Dissolution. The sage *Erycthon* would often say to them: My dear Children, I fear I have made you a fatal Present in imparting to you the Invention of Money: I fear it will excite Avarice, Ambition, Pomp; that it will encourage an infinite Number of pernicious Arts, whose Tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good Manners; that it will put you out of Conceit with that happy Simplicity, which makes your Lives so very quiet and secure; in fine, that it will breed in you a Contempt
for

for Agriculture, which is the Basis of humane Life, and the Source of all Substantial Riches: But the Gods are my Witnesses that I meant well when I bestow'd this Invention on you, which in itself is useful. But at length, when *Erychton* found that Money corrupted the People, as he foreboded it would, he for Grief retired into a solitary Mountain, where he liv'd a poor sequester'd Life, till he became extream old; nor would he concern himself in the Government of the Cities: Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of tilling the Ground and covering it every Year with Golden Grain; not but that Men were before this acquainted with the Method of multiplying Corn by sowing it; but they knew not the Art of Husbandry to that Perfection, 'till *Triptolemus*, sent by *Ceres*, came with a Plough in his Hand to offer the Goddesse's Favours to all those People who had Courage enough to overcome their natural Lazyness, and addicte themselves to assiduous Labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the Earth, and to fertilize her by breaking up her Bosom into Furrows: Soon did the ardent indefatigable Reapers employ their sharp Sickles upon the Yellow Ears that waved throughout the spacious Fields: Even the wild and barbarous People, that wander'd here and there in the Forests of *Epirus* and *Etolia* seeking Acorns for their Food became civiliz'd, soften'd their rugged Manners and

and submitted to Laws, when they had learnt the Way of making Corn to grow, and of baking Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* feel the Pleasure of owing their Riches to nothing but their own Labour; and of finding in their own Fields whatever was necessary to render their Lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent Affluence, inseparable from Agriculture, brought to their Minds the sage Counsels of *Erycthon*; so that they condemn'd Money and all artificial Riches, which are no otherwise Riches, than as they become so by Men's Fancy, tempting them to seek for dangerous Pleasures, and diverting them from Labour, wherein they would find all that is Substantially good, together with Purity of Manners; in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They then were fully convinc'd that a fruitful and well till'd Field is the true Treasure of a Family that is wise enough to be content to live frugally as their Fathers did before them. And happy had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued firm to the Maxims so adapted to render them powerful: But alas! they begin to admire false Riches, and gradually neglect the true; they degenerate from that wond'rous Simplicity we have been speaking of. O my Son! thou shalt one day fill a Throne; then remember to bring Men back to the Exercise of Husbandry, to honour that Art, to make things easie to those who apply themselves to it, and neither to suffer the People to live idly, nor to spend
their

their time in those destructive Arts which foment Luxury and Sloath: Those two Men who were so wise when upon Earth, are here the Favorites of the Gods themselves: Take Notice, O my Son, that their Glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles* and the other Heroes who have only been eminent in War, as the agreeable Spring is preferable to the frozen Winter, or the Lustre of the Sun to that of the Moon.

While *Arcefius* was thus speaking, he observ'd that *Telemachus's* Eyes were continually engag'd with looking on a little Grove of Lawrel, planted near a Rivulet, whose Banks were enamell'd with Violets, Roses, Lillies and other odoriferous Flowers, whose lively Colours resembled those of *Iris* when she descends from Heaven to Earth to bring some Message from the Gods to Mortal Men. It was the great King *Sesostris* whom *Telemachus* discern'd in that beauteous Place, he was invested with infinitely more Majesty than when he sat on the Throne of *Egypt*: Gentle Emanations of Light stream'd from his Eyes, which dazled those of *Telemachus*: Had you seen him, you would have thought that he was inebriated with *Nectar*, so much had the divine Spirit transported him above humane Reason, as a Reward for his Virtues. Said *Telemachus* to *Arcefius*; that is *Sesostris*, I know him to be the wise King of *Egypt*, whom I not long ago saw on Earth. It is true, reply'd *Arcefius*, and thou seest how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous Princes!

Book VIII. of T É L E M A C H U S. I I I

ces! But know that all this Felicity is nothing in comparison of what was design'd for him, if too great Prosperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Justice; his inordinate Appetite to humble the insolent *Tyrans* prompted him to take their City. This made him desirous to take others; he suffer'd himself to be seduced by the Vain Glory of Conquerors; he subdu'd, or rather plunder'd all *Asia*; at his return into *Aegypt* he found his Brother had seiz'd his Throne, and had by Violence repeal'd the wholesomest Laws of the Nation. These are the Mischiefs Conquerors bring on their own States, while they go about to usurp those of their Neighbours: This is what eclipsed the Glory of a King otherwise so just and beneficent, and 'tis this that diminish'd the Happiness which the Gods had prepar'd for him. Dost thou not see, O my Son, that other Person, whose wound appears so glorious? 'Tis a King of *Caria*, *Diocledes* by Name, who sacrific'd himself, for his People's Good, in Battle; because the Oracle had declar'd that in the War between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that Nation whose King should fall, should be Victorious. There is likewise another whom I would have you take Notice of; it is a wise Legislator, who having, for the Benefit of his Country, fram'd such Laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them swear they would never violate any of those Laws during his Absence; after which he left them, exiling himself
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tarily from his Country, and dy'd poor in a strange Land, to oblige his People, according to this Oath, to observe those useful Laws. That other Prince whom thou seest is the Eleventh King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Ancestors of the sage *Nestor*. When the Earth was ravaged by a Pestilence, which sent down to the Banks of *Acheron* Multitudes of crowding Ghosts, he beg'd of the Gods that he might appease their Wrath and redeem by his own Death that of so many Thousand innocent Men. The Gods heard his Request, and provided here for him a substantial Grandeur, in comparison of which all the Pumps of the Earth are but so many vain Shadows.

That old Man whom thou seest 'crown'd with Garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Egypt*, and espoused *Anchynoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus* who conceals the Source of his Stream, and enriches a mighty Tract of Land by his Inundations: He had two Sons, *Danaus*, whose History thou art no Stranger to, and *Egyptus*, who imparts his Name to that fine Country. *Belus* thought himself richer by the Plenty he procur'd his People, and the Love his Subjects bore to him, than by all the Tributes he could have impos'd on them. These Men, whom you think dead, my Son, are alive, and that Life which Men miserably drag upon Earth, is the only Death: the Names of Things are indeed changed, that's all. May it please the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy Life, which nothing can ever
extinguish

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extinguish or disturb! Haste thee away; 'tis time for thee to seek thy Father; before thou findest him, alas, how much Bloodshed shalt thou see! But then, what Glory waits for thee in the Fields of *Hesperia*! Let not the Counsels of the sage *Mentor* ever be out of thy Mind; and if thou follow'st them, thy Name shall be great among all Nations, and in all Ages. He spoke, and presently conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, which leads out of the fable Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, quitted him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of those lower Regions, he hasten'd to the Camp of the Confederates, after having again join'd Company with the two young *Cretans*, who went with him almost as far as the Cavern, and who despair'd of ever seeing him more.

End of the Eighth Book.



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OF
TELEMACHUS.

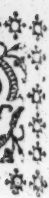
BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returns to the Army: There ensues a second Battle, wherein Adrastus and Telemachus fight hand to hand: Adrastus is overcome, and begs his Life, which Telemachus grants him; but the Traytor afterwards throws a Dart at Telemachus, which did not pierce thro' his Armour: Telemachus falls upon him again, and kills him. This Action puts an end to the War, after which the greater part of the Confederate Kings go to Salentum, to see the new Establishments made by Mentor, and to learn from his Example how to govern their own People when they return'd home.

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IX.

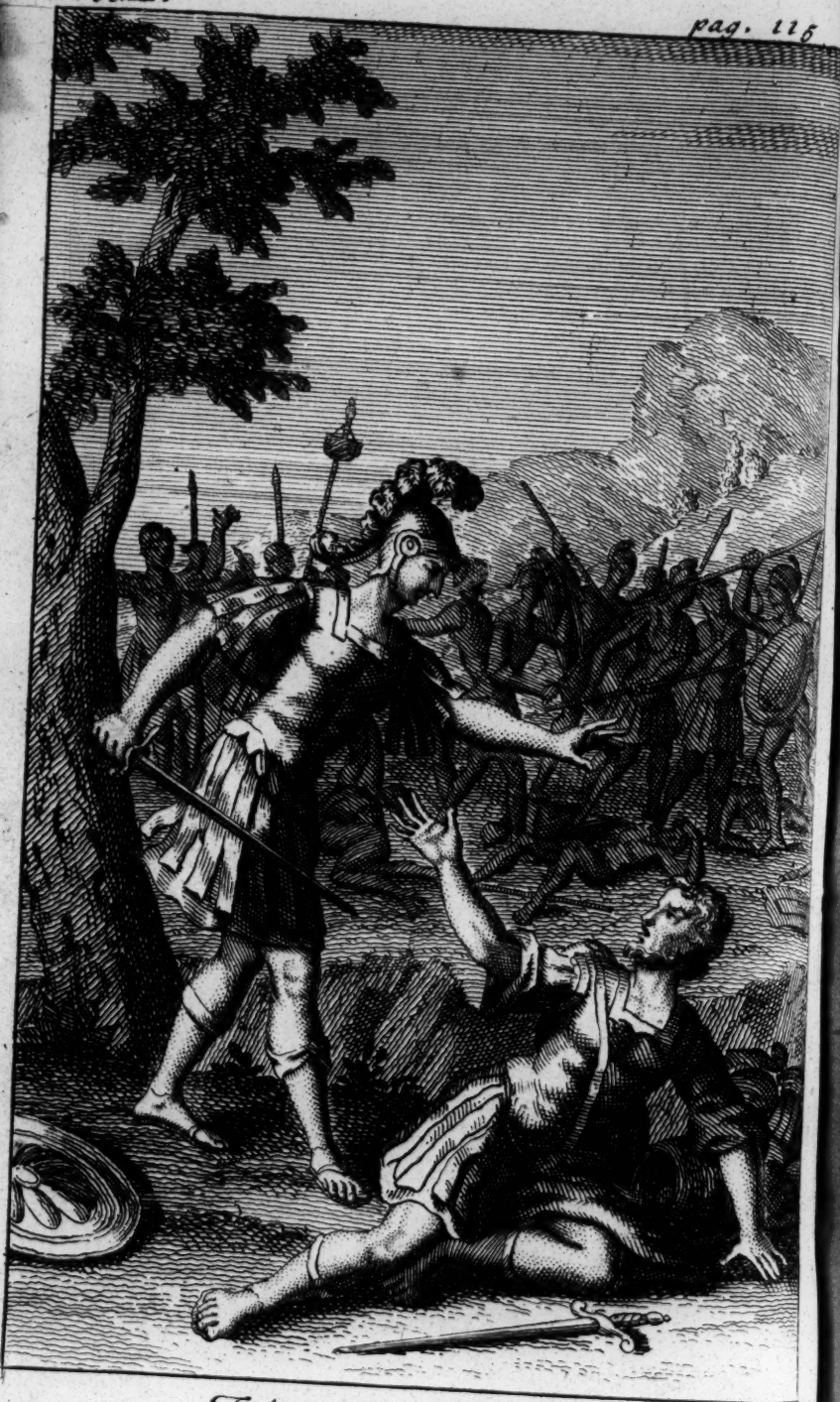


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Telemachus kills Adrastus.



MEAN while the Chieftains were assembled to deliberate whether they should possess themselves of *Venusium*: It was a strong Town which *Adrastus* had formerly usurped from his Neighbours the *Apulians*, who were enter'd into the Confederacy against him for this Act of Perfidiousness. *Adrastus*, to appease them, had put this Town, by way of Trust, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*: But he had by Money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* Garison and him that commanded it; so that in reality, *Adrastus* had as much Authority in *Venusium*, as the *Lucanians* themselves; and the *Apulians*, who had consented that the *Lucanian* Garison should keep *Venusium*, were trick'd in this Negotiation. A certain Citizen of *Venusium*, *Demophantes* by Name, had underhand made an Offer to the Allies to deliver up to them one of the Gates of the City by Night. This Advantage was so much the greater, in that *Adrastus* had lodg'd all his Ammunition and Provision in a Castle near *Venusium*, which could not defend it self if *Venusium* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* had already given their Opinion, that they ought not to let slip such a lucky Opportunity. All the Commanders, sway'd by their Authority, and charm'd with the advantageous Prospect of so easie an Enterprize, applauded their Sentiment: But *Telemachus*,
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at his Return, used his utmost Endeavours to divert them from it; I grant, said he, that if ever any Man deserv'd to be dealt fraudulently with, it is *Adrastus*; because it has been his common Practice to deceive and circumvent every Body else. I am not ignorant, that in surprising *Venusium* you only put yourselves in Possession of a Town that belongs to you, since it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederates: I confess too, that the Design has so much the better Colour, in that *Adrastus*, who has put this City as Pledge in the Hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garrison, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venusium*, you will the very next Day be Masters of the Castle where all *Adrastus's* Provisions are laid up, and so in two Days more you will put an end to this formidable War. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by such Methods? Is Fraud to be repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be said that many Kings, who enter'd into a League to punish the impious *Adrastus* for his Deceitfulness, are become Deceitful like him? If we may lawfully do as *Adrastus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to punish him. What! has *Hesperia*, that *Hesperia* who is supported by so many Greek Colonies, and by so many Heroes return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, has she, I say, no other Arms against *Adrastus's* Treachery and Perjury, than the Practice of the same Vices?

Vices? You have sworn by the most sacred things that you would leave *Venusium* in trust in the Hands of the *Lucanians*. The *Lucanian* Garrison, you say, is corrupted by *Adrastus's* Money. I believe it: But this Garrison is in the *Lucanian* Pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at least in appearance, a Neutrality; neither has *Adrastus*, nor any of his Men enter'd into *Venusium*, the Treaty still subsists, the Gods have not forgot your Oath: Shall we not observe our Promises but just so long as we are without a plausible Pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our Oaths but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no concern for Virtue, nor are mov'd by the Fear of the Gods, at least have a Regard for your Reputation and Interest. If you set this pernicious Example of violating your Faith, that you may terminate a War; What Wars will you not kindle by so Wicked a Conduct? Will not your Neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all Occasions, and utterly detest you? What Security would you be able to give, (should you have a mind to be sincere, and at a time it may be of the greatest Importance to you to persuade your Neighbours of your Sincerity?) Shall it be a solemn Treaty? Such things you have trampled under foot. Shall it be an Oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make slight of the Gods for your private Advantage? Peace will therefore afford you no more Security than

than War; all that comes from you will be receiv'd as War, either dissembl'd or declar'd: You will be look'd on as the perpetual Enemy of all who shall be so unfortunate as to be your Neighbours: All Affairs that require Reputation, Probity, Confidence, will become impossible to you: You will have no means left to make your Promises find credit. Besides this, added *Telemachus*, there is a more pressing Interest that ought to affect you very much, if you have any Remains of Sense or Foresight; and that is, that so deceitful a Conduct attacks the very Vitals of your whole Confederacy, and will soon ruin it: And thus your Perjury will furnish *Adrastus* with an Opportunity to triumph over you. At these Words the whole Assembly seem'd as it were in an Uproar, and ask'd him how he could take upon him to say, that an Action which would give the Confederates a certain Victory, could ruin the Confederacy? *Telemachus* ask'd them; how will you be able to trust one another, if you once break the only Band of Society and Confidence, namely, Sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, that the Rules of Probity and Fidelity may be broken where there is a Prospect of a great Advantage; how can any one of you repose a Confidence in another? When that other shall find it convenient for his Interest to falsifie his Word, and impose on you, what will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will

will be the Fate of a Confederacy of so many People, when, after a full Debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a Neighbour, and to violate the most solemn Engagements? How great will be your mutual Distrust, your Animosities, your Warmth to destroy each other! *Adrastus* will then have no need to destroy you; you your selves will do that for him; you will justifie his Perfidiousness. O sage and magnanimous Princes! O you who command with so much Prudence such innumerable Multitudes of People, do not disdain to hearken to the Counsels of a young Man: If you should fall into the most calamitous Circumstances, into which Men are sometimes precipitated by War, you might recover your selves by your Vigilance and the Strugglings of your Virtue; for true Virtue never suffers it self to be cast down; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Integrity, your loss will then become irreparable, you will never be able to re-establish that Confidence which is necessary to the Success of all important Affairs, or to reclaim Men to the Principles of Virtue after you have once taught them to despise them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not Bravery enough to overcome your Enemies without using Guile and Fraud? Is not your Virtue, in conjunction with the Forces of so many Nations, sufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay dye, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile Methods: *Adrastus,*

stus, the impious *Adraftus* is at our Mercy, so long as we abhor to imitate his Baseness and Improbability.

When *Telemachus* had put an end to this Discourse, he found that his persuasive Arguments had pierced their very Souls: He observed a deep Silence in the whole Assembly; every one surrender'd up their Senses, not so much to Him, or the Graces of his Utterance, as to the force of Truth that shone throughout his whole Speech: Astonishment was legible on their Countenances; at last a hollow Murmuring was heard spreading it self by little and little among them: Each look'd on his Fellow, and was shy to be the first that spoke; it was expected that the prime Commanders of the Army would declare themselves, and each of them found himself under great Difficulties to forbear. After a while the grave *Nestor* pronounced these Words: *Ulysses's* worthy Son, the Gods have instructed thy Speech, and *Minerva*, who so often inspir'd your Father, did put into your Heart that wise and generous Advice you have given us. I look not on your Youth; I only consider *Minerva* in all that you have been saying: You have pleaded the Cause of Virtue; without her the greatest Gain is real Loss; without her Men draw suddenly on themselves the Vengeance of their Enemies, the Diffidence of their Allies, the Detestation of all good Men, and the just Resentment of the Gods: Let us therefore leave *Venusium* in the Hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of

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no other way to conquer *Adraftus* but by our Courage. He spoke, and the whole Assembly applauded the Wisdom of his Words: But in giving this Applause, every one turn'd his Eyes with Amazement on the Son of *Ulysses*, and they all thought they saw sparkling in him the Wisdom of *Minerva*, who inspir'd him.

There soon arose in the Council of the Kings another Question, which gave him an Opportunity of acquiring no less Glory. *Adraftus*, always cruel and treacherous, had sent into the Camp a Deserter named *Acanthus*, who was to poyson the most celebrated Chiefs of the Army: He had particular Orders to leave nothing unassay'd to effect the Death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the Terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candour to be inclin'd to Suspicion, gave the Wretch a free and easie Reception: He had seen *Ulysses* in *Sicily*, and recounted that Hero's Adventures to *Telemachus*, who on his part took pity on him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his Misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great Abuses and Indignities, that he had receiv'd from *Adraftus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cherishing and warming in his Bosom a venomous Serpent, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Deserter was taken, named *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was sending back to *Adraftus*, to acquaint him with the State of the Confederate Camp, and to assure him that the

Vol. II F following

following Day he would poyson the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an Entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confess'd his Treason: He was suspected to be in intelligence with *Acanthus*, because they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus*, who was a deep Dissembler, and of an undaunted Nature, pleaded for himself with so much Art, that there was no convicting him, or discovering the bottom of the Conspiracy. Divers of the Kings were for sacrificing *Acanthus* at a venture, for the publick Safety: He ought, said they, to be put to Death; one Man's Life ought not to be weigh'd against the Security of so many Kings: What if one Man perish, when the Point is to preserve those who represent the Gods among Men? What inhumane Maxim, what barbarous Policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus*? Are you then so lavish of humane Blood, you that are appointed over Mankind to be their Shepherds, and are only to rule over them for their Preservation, as a Shepherd preserves his Flock? but instead of that you are become blood-thirsty Wolves; at least you are such Shepherds as only cut the Throats of your Sheep, instead of leading them into good Pasture. According to you, the moment a Man is accused he becomes guilty, and if he is but suspected, he deserves to dye. Thus do the Innocent lie at the Mercy of the Envious; and according as this tyrannical Distrust gathers strength in your Breasts, we must have more such

such Victims sacrificed. *Telemachus* spoke these Words with such Authority and Vehemence, as was perfectly irresistible, and the Authors of so unworthy an Advice were cover'd with Shame. Afterwards said he to them, sinking his Speech to a lower Key; for my part, I am not so much in love with Life as to purchase it at that Price; I had rather *Acanthus* should be wicked than my self, and would sooner chuse that he should deprive me of Life by his Treachery, than I unjustly put him to Death in an Uncertainty. But have a little Patience, O you, who being establish'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People, should discharge your Function with Justice, Prudence and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Presence. Immediately he interrogates him about his Correspondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite Number of Circumstances, and sometimes made as if he would remand him to *Adraustus* as a Deserter that deserv'd to be punish'd, the better to make his Observation, whether he was afraid to be sent back or no; but the Countenance and Voice of *Acanthus* still remain'd calm and unmov'd, and *Telemachus* began to think that he might not be guilty. At length, seeing that he could not draw him to a Confession, he said to him, Give me your Ring, for I will send it to *Adraustus*. Upon this *Acanthus* presently turn'd pale, and was in the utmost Confusion. *Telemachus*, whose Eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceived it: He takes the Ring; this

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will

will I immediately send to *Adrastus*, said he, by the Hand of the crafty *Polytropus*, your Acquaintance, who shall pretend he comes secretly from you : If we can by this Means discover your Intelligence with *Adrastus*, you shall without Mercy be put to Death by the most exquisite Torments ; if, on the contrary, you now confess your Fault, you shall be pardon'd, and we will content our selves with only sending you into an Island, where you shall want for nothing. Upon this *Acanthus* confess'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings that his Life might be spar'd, because he had given him the Promise of it : And he was sent into one of the Islands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in Peace. Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of an obscure Birth, but of a violent and daring Spirit, named *Dioscorus*, came by Night into the Confederate Camp, and made an offer to them to kill King *Adrastus* in his Tent : This he was capable of doing, because whoever despises his own Life, is at any time the Master of another's. This Person breathed nothing but revenge, because *Adrastus* had taken away his Wife, whom he was to the last degree fond of, and whose Beauty was not inferior to that of *Venus* self. He had contriv'd a Way to enter into the King's Tent by Night, and was to be favour'd in his Enterprize by several *Daunian* Captains ; but he thought it necessary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adrastus's* Camp at the same time, to the end that during the Hurry and Disorder
he

he might the more easily escape and carry off his Wife; and if he could not carry her off after he had kill'd the King, he was content to dye. As soon as *Dioscorus* had propos'd his Design to the Princes, they all turn'd their Eyes towards *Telemachus*, as who should say, let us have your Direction what to do. Upon which *Telemachus* spoke as follows: The Gods, who have preserv'd us from Traytors, forbid us to make use of them; and even though we had not Virtue enough to detest the Treason, our Interest alone were sufficient Motive to make us reject it: When once we have authorized it by our own Example, we shall deserve to have it turn'd against us; and what Man among us will after that be safe or secure? It is not impossible but *Adrastus* may escape the Blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the Confederate Kings. War will then cease to be War; Wisdom and Virtue will be quite out of doors, and nothing will be seen but Frauds, Treasons, and Assassinations. I am therefore for sending back this Traytor to *Adrastus*; I own that King does not deserve it; but all *Hesperia* and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes on us, merit such a Conduct from us as may deserve their Esteem; we owe to our selves, and, in short, we owe to the just Gods such an Instance of our Abhorrence for Treachery. *Dioscorus* was presently sent to *Adrastus*, who trembled to think of the Danger he had escaped, and was fill'd with Wonder at the Generosity of his Enemies; for wicked

Men have no Notion what Virtue is. *Adrastus*, in spite of himself, admired the thing, but durst not commend it: This noble Action of the Confederates, did, to his Shame, remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties: He look'd about for Reasons to extenuate his Enemies Generosity; yet blush'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his Life; but corrupt Men soon harden themselves against every thing that might move them. *Adrastus*, perceiving that the Reputation of the Confederates encreas'd more and more every Day, thought himself under a Necessity to perform against them some Action that might make a Noise: And since it was not in his Nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing at least to obtain some great Advantage over them by Arms and therefore made all the Haste he could to Fight.

The Day of Battle being come, scarce had *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Portals of the East in a Path strew'd with Roses, when the young *Telemachus*, outstripping the Vigilance of the Oldest Captains, shook off the soft Embraces of balmy Sleep, and put all the Officers in Motion. Already did his Helmet, cover'd with a crest of waving Hair, glitter on his Head, and his Cuirasse dazled the Eyes of the whole Army: It was made by *Vulcan*, and had besides its natural Beauty the Lustre of the *Ægis*, that was conceal'd amidst it: In one hand he held a Spear, and with the other pointed to several Posts that it was necessary to take Possession of

of. *Minerva* had fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire, and his Countenance with a Majestick Awefulness that already promis'd Victory. He march'd, and all the Kings, forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themselves enforced by a superior Power to follow his Steps. No more were they subject to impotent Jealousie: Every thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* leads insensibly by the Hand. His Action betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate: He was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and improve by their Advice; but active, provident, extending his views to the most remote Exigences, disposing every thing to the best Advantage without confusing himself or others; excusing Faults, rectifying Mis-carriages, obviating Difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inspiring Freedom and Confidence: If he gave an Order, it was in the plainest and clearest Terms; he repeated it for the better instructing him that was to execute it; he observ'd by his Eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he understood his Words, and what was the main Drift of his Enterprize. When he had thus made a Tryal of the Person's Sense, and entirely let him into his Design, he never dispatch'd him away till he had given him some Mark of his Esteem and Confidence, for his Encouragement: So that all he sent from him were full of Ardour to please him and to compass the Business.

they went about : But they were not rackt with Fear lest he should impute to them their ill Success ; for he would excuse all Faults that did not proceed from an evil Disposition of Mind.

The Horison look'd ruddy with the Sun's earliest Rays, and the Sea was brighten'd with the Flames of the rising Day ; all the Coast was fill'd with Men, Arms, Horses, and Chariots, which being in Motion made a confused Noise, like that of the angry Waves when *Neptune* excites a black-fac'd Storm at the Bottom of his watry Territories. And now *Mars* began by the Noise of Arms and the terrible Preparations of War to disseminate Rage in every Heart. The Field was crowded with bristling Pikes thick set like a Crop of Corn that covers the fertile Balks at the time of the Harvest : There soon arose a Cloud of Dust which stole away both Heaven and Earth from the Eyes of Men ; Darknes, Horreur, Bloodshed and inexorable Death advanced apace. Scarce were the first Arrows shot, when *Telemachus*, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, pronounced these Words : O *Jupiter*, Father of the Gods and Men, thou know'st that we have on our side Justice and a peaceable Inclination which we have not been ashamed to own : We would willingly prevent the Effusion of Blood, we bear no personal Hatred even to this Enemy, tho' he is cruel, perfidious and sacrilegious. Behold thou, and determine between him and Us :

If

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If we must dye, our Lives are in thy Hand ; but if we are destin'd to rescue, *Hesperia* and humble this Tyrant, it will be thy Power, and the Wisdom of thy Daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the Victory ; the Glory of it will be due to Thee : It is thou that hold'st the Ballance and regulatest the Fate of Battels ; it is for Thee we Fight, and, since thou art Just, *Adrastus* is more thy Enemy than ours : If we prove Victorious before the End of the Day, the Blood of a whole Hecatomb shall flow upon thy Altars. He spoke and instantly drives his fiery foaming Coursers into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. The first he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the Skin of a Lyon he had kill'd in *Cilicia* when he travell'd thither : He was arm'd like *Hercules* with an enormous Club ; in Strength and Stature he resembled the ancient Gyants : When he saw *Telemachus* he despised his Youth and the Delicacy of his Countenance. It becomes thee well, said he, effeminate Boy, to contend with Us the Prize of Victory : Go, Child, get thee among the Shades below to look for thy Father. At the same time he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots and stuck thick with Iron Spikes ; it looks like a Ship-Mast ; every one near is afraid they should be crush'd with the Fall of it ; it threaten'd Destruction to *Telemachus*, but he steps aside, and flies upon *Periander* with the Rapidity of an Eagle cutting the Air : The Club, in falling, dasht to pieces the

Wheel of a Chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while, the young *Greek* struck a Dart into *Periander's* Throat: The bubbling Blood that stream'd from the wide Wound soon stifles his Voice; his furious Horses no longer feeling the controul of their Master's Hand, ran wildly up and down with the Reins hanging loose on their Neck: He falls from his Chariot, his Eyes already shut out the Light, and ghastly Death sate on his disfigur'd Face. *Telemachus*, pitying his Fate, immediately gave his Body to his Domesticks, but kept the Lyon's Skin and his Club as a Token of his Victory. After this he seeks *Adrastus* in the thickest of the Fight, and in his Way sends headlong to Hell a Multitude of Combatants: *Hileus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Coursers like those of the Sun, and which were bred in the spacious Meadows which are water'd by the River *Ausidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almost been a Match for *Eryx* in Combats of the Cestus; *Crantor* who had been the Guest and Friend of *Hercules* when that Son of *Jupiter*, in passing through *Hesperia*, slew the infamous *Cacus*; *Menecrates*, who was said to come near *Pollux* for Wrestling; *Hippocoon* the *Salapian*, who was no faint imitator of *Castor* in the Management of a Horse; the famous Hunter *Eurymides*, who was always smear'd with the Blood of Bears and wild Boars, which he used to kill on the snowy Ridges of the cold *Appenine*, and who is said to have been so well beloved by *Diana*, that she

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she her self taught him how to handle the Bow; *Nicostratus*, who had conquer'd a Gyant that vomited Fire, in the Rocks of Mount *Garganus*; *Eleanthus*, who was to espouse the young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Lyrus*; her Father had promis'd her to the Man that should deliver her from a winged Serpent, that was bred on the banks of a River, and was to have devour'd her in a few Days, according to the Oracle's Prediction; this young Man, out of an Excess of Love to her, adventur'd to cope with this Monster; he was prosperous in the Attempt, but could not taste the Fruit of his Victory, for while *Pholoe* was preparing herself for the Ceremonies of a happy Marriage, and impatiently expected *Eleanthus*, she was inform'd that he had follow'd *Adrastus* to the War, and that the Destinies had cruelly cut him off: She fill'd with her Lamentations the Woods and Mountains near the River; she drown'd her Eyes with Tears, she tore her charming Tresses, she threw away the Garlands she had gather'd, and impeach'd the Heavens of Injustice; the Gods mov'd with her Complaints and the Request of the River, put an end to her Sorrow; for she pour'd forth such abundance of Tears, that she was presently changed into a Fountain, which gliding into the Middle of the River seeks to joyn her Waters to those of the God her Father; but the Water of this Fountain is still bitter; no Grass adorns its Banks, nor does it afford any Shady tree but the sad *Cypress*.

Mean

Mean while, *Adrastus*, understanding that *Telemachus* spread Terror all around him, sought him out with the greatest Impatience, hoping to make an easie Conquest of so raw a Youth; he was surrounded with thirty *Daunians* of uncommon Strength Dexterity and Boldness, to whom he promis'd very large Rewards, if they could destroy *Telemachus* by any Manner of Means; had they met him in this nice Moment, doubtless these thirty Men, by surrounding *Telemachus's* Chariot, while *Adrastus* had fall'n upon him in Front, would have found no Difficulty to have dispatch'd him; but *Minerva* turn'd them another Way. *Adrastus* thought he saw and heard *Telemachus* lower down in the Plain at the Foot of a Hill, where there was a Crowd of Combatants in close Engagement; he runs, he flies, he resolves to fate himself with Blood, but instead of *Telemachus* he finds the aged *Nestor*, who with his trembling Hand was throwing at a Venture some un-executing Darts: In his Rage *Adrastus* would have run him through, but a Troop of *Pylians* interpos'd around their King: Then a thick Cloud of Darts and Arrows darken'd the Air and cover'd all the Combatants: Nothing could be heard but the doleful Cries of expiring Mortals and the Clattering of Arms of those who fell in the Fray; the Earth groan'd beneath large Heaps of dead Bodies; Streams of Blood ran guttering down on every Side; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal Furies cloath'd in Robes

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Robes reeking with Gore, glutted their merciless Eyes with this Spectacle and incessantly renew'd the drooping Rage of the Soldiers ; these Deities, who are Enemies of Mankind, chased far away from both Parties generous Pity, moderated Valour, soft Humanity : their appear'd no longer among this confus'd Medly any thing but Slaughter, Revenge, Despair and brutal Fury : The wise and invincible *Pallas* her self trembled at the sight, and started back with Horror ; meanwhile the slow-pac'd *Philoctetes*, with the Arrows of *Hercules* in his Hand, endeavours to come up to the Relief of *Nestor*. *Adrastus*, not being able to reach the divine old Man, had launch'd his Darts on several *Pylians*, and made them bite the Dust ; he had already over-set *Eufilas*, who was so swift-footed that he scarce left the Print of his Feet in the Sand, and left the rapid Streams of *Eurotas* and *Alpheus* far behind ; at his Feet fell *Eutiphon*, who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a Hunter as *Hyppolytus* : *Pterilas*, who had follow'd *Nestor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and who was belov'd by *Achilles* on account of his Courage and Strength : *Aristogytton*, who by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, had secretly receiv'd from that God the Power of transforming himself into all sorts of Shapes, and indeed so slippery and nimble was he in all his Motions that he frustrated the strongest Hands : But *Adrastus*, with one thrust of his Spear, render'd him motionless, and his Soul

Soul soon took its flight out of the goary Wound. *Nestor* seeing his bravest Captains fall thus beneath the Blows of the cruel *Adrastus*, just as the gilded Ears of Corn beneath the Sickle of the unwearied Reaper, forgot what Danger he in vain expos'd himself to. He shook off his old Age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his Eye his Son *Pisistratus*, who, on his side, was ardently employ'd to stave off Danger from his Father; but the fatal Moment was come wherein *Pisistratus* was to make *Nestor* know how unfortunate a thing it sometimes proves for a Man to live to a great Age. *Pisistratus* struck his Spear with that Violence against *Adrastus*, that the *Daunian* Prince must needs have fall'n, had he not avoided the Stroke, and whilst *Pisistratus*, who was disadvantage'd by making a false Thrust, was recovering his Spear, *Adrastus* pierced him with a Javelin into the middle of his Belly; his Bowels began immediately to issue out with a Torrent of Blood, his ruddy Complexion faded like a Flower that the Hand of some Nymph has crop'd in the Meadows: His Eyes were now almost extinguisht, and his Speech began to falter. *Alicius*, his Governour, who was near him, received him in his Arms just as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his Father; there he would fain have spoken, but as he open'd his Mouth he expir'd.

While

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him Slaughter and Destruction, in opposition to *Adrastus*, *Nestor* grasp'd his Son's Body in his Arms; he fill'd the Air with his dolorous Cries, and began to hate the Light: Unfortunate Wretch that I am, said he, to have been a Father and to live to see this: Alas, ye cruel Destinies, why did ye not put a Period to my Life, when I was in chase of the *Calydonian Boar*, or in my *Etolian Voyage*, or at the first Siege of *Troy*; then I had dy'd with Glory, and without Bitterness and Sorrow; now I drag a miserable, despis'd, impotent old Age: I now live only to suffer Affliction, nor have I any other Sensation left but that of Sorrow. O my Son, my Son, my dear Son *Pisistratus*! when I lost thy Brother *Antilochus* still I had thee to comfort me, but now even thou art gone, nothing can comfort me, all is at an end with me; Hope, the sole Sweetner of humane Pains, is a Blessing which no longer concerns me. *Antilochus*, *Pisistratus*, O my dear Children, methinks I lose you both at once in one and the same Day; the Death of the one makes the old Wound, which the other had caus'd, to bleed afresh within my Heart! I am never more to see either of you! Who will close my Eyes, who will gather up my Ashes? O my dear *Pisistratus*, thou, as well as thy Brother, dyedst like a valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot dye! At this he was going to pierce himself with a Dart; but those about him staid his Hand, and afterwards forc'd him from

from his Son's Body ; and this unfortunate old Man falling into a Swoon, they carry'd him into his Tent, where after he had a little recover'd himself, he would needs return to the Battle, but they with-held him by force.

And now *Adrastus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: Their Eyes flash'd Fire like those of a Lyon and a Leopard going to tear each other in those Fields which *Cocy-tus* waters: Menacings, martial Rage, cruel Revenge, rowl'd in their furious Eyes, they cause certain Death where-ever they fling their Darts; all the Soldiers look upon them with Terror and Affright: And now they come within sight of each other. *Philoctetes* bears in his Hand one of those dreadful Arrows, which never miss'd their Aim, and which inflicted Wounds that were incurable: But *Mars*, favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adrastus*, would not endure that he should so soon perish, but was willing to make use of him as an Instrument to lengthen out the Horrors of the War, and multiply Bloodshed and Slaughter. *Adrastus* was yet due to the Justice of the Gods for a Punishment of Mankind. The very Moment *Philoctetes* design'd to attack him, he himself receives a Wound from the Spear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, who was handsomer than the fam'd *Nireus*, whose Beauty was inferior to none of all the *Greeks* that fought at the Siege of *Troy*, except *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel the Wound but he shot an Arrow at *Amphimachus*, and
pierced

pierced him to the Heart: In an instant his fine black Eyes lost their Lustre, and were clouded with the Shades of Death; his Lips, more ruddy than the Roses with which *Aurora* strows the Hemisphere at her rising, turn'd pale, and a frightful Wanne's tarnish'd his lovely Cheeks: That Face, so well-favour'd and so delicate, was, of a sudden, cover'd with Deformity; *Philoctetes* himself was mov'd with Pity towards him, and the Soldiers fetcht deep Sighs at seeing this young Man weltring in his Blood, and his fine Head of Hair as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all disorder'd and polluted with Dust. *Philoctetes* having overcome *Amphimachus*, was forc'd to retire from the Fight: He had suffer'd great expence of Blood and Strength; his old Wound, in the Heat of Action, was going to open again, and renew his Pains; for the Sons of *Æsculapius*, with their divine Skill, could not entirely heal it: And now he was just ready to fall among a Heap of bleeding Bodies that were round about him, when *Archidamas*, the boldest and most expert of all the *Thebians*, whom he had brought with him to lay the Foundations of *Philelia*, carries him out of the Battel, in the very Moment that *Adrastus* might with the greatest ease have laid him sprawling at his Feet: And now *Adrastus* finds no stop, or conquers what he finds: All Opposition falls before him, and he is become like a Torrent, which having surmounted its Banks, sweeps away with its outrageous Waves the
 Corn,

Corn the Cattel the Shepherds and their Houses.

Telemachus hears at a distance the Conqueror's Shouts, and sees the Disorder of his Men flying from *Adrastus* as a Herd of timorous Deer traversing the vast Plains, the Woods, the Mountains, and even the most rapid Rivers, when pursu'd by the eager Huntsmen.

Telemachus groans, his Eyes look indignant: He quits the Place where he had long been fighting with so much Danger and Glory; he runs to the Support of his shatter'd Troops; he advances, besmear'd all o'er with the Blood of a Multitude of his Enemies whom he had extended on the Dust: He gives a Shout at a distance, that was heard by both Armies. *Minerva* had infus'd something ineffably dreadful in his Eyes and Voice, with which he made the neighbouring Mountains ecchoe: *Mars* never makes his own harsh Voice sound louder in *Thrace*, when he calls together the infernal Furies Death and War to attend him. This Shout of *Telemachus* fills his Souldiers Hearts with Courage, and chills his Enemies Souls with freezing Fear. Even *Adrastus* self blushes as he feels his Courage shake: A World of fatal Presages fill him with Terror, and that which animates him is rather Despair than a sedate Valour: Thrice did his trembling Knees begin to slip from under him, thrice he started back, without knowing what he did; a swoon-like Paleness and a cold damp
Sweat

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Sweat travels thro' all his Limbs; his hoarse and hesitating Voice could not make an end of one articulate Word; his Eyes, morosely fierce, seem'd to burst out of his Head; he was like *Orestes*, worry'd by the Furies; his every Motion was convulsive; he thought he saw the Gods shaking their Thunder at him, and that he heard a hollow Voice from Hell, calling him into dark *Tartarus*: Every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible Hand hovering over his Head, which was going to sink him down by its intolerable Weight. All Hope was extinguish'd in his Heart; his Courage and Resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the Day-light, when *Phæbus* passing down to the Bosom of *Thetis*, leaves the Earth mantled in the shades of Night. The impious *Adrastus*, who was too long suffer'd to live, too long, but that Mankind stood in need of so dreadful a Scourge; the impious *Adrastus* does at length draw near his last Hour; like one distracted he runs to meet his inevitable Fate; Horror, pungent Remorse, Consternation, Fury, Rage, Despair accompany him in his March: No sooner does he set Eye on *Telemachus*, but he fancy'd he saw *Avernus* open its gulphy Jaws, and whirling Flames issuing from the black *Phlegeton*, ready to swallow him up: He cries out, and his Mouth continues open, without being able to utter a Word: Like a Man asleep, who in a frightful Dream wags his Lips, and aims to speak, but Utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain: With
a trem-

a trembling and impatient Hand *Adrastus* flings his Dart at *Telemachus*, while this latter undaunted and calm like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himself with his Buckler: He seem'd as if Victory, covering him with her Wings, did already hold a Crown over his Head; a gentle and regular Courage sparkled in his Eyes: One would have taken him for *Minerva* her self, so composed and unconcern'd was he in the midst of the greatest Dangers: *Adrastus's* Dart being repell'd by *Telemachus's* Buckler, he hastens to draw his Sword to deprive the Son of *Ulysses* of the Advantage of throwing his Dart in his turn. *Telemachus* seeing *Adrastus's* Sword in his Hand, immediately betakes himself to his own, and relinquishes his Dart. When they were seen thus fighting Hand to Hand, all the other Soldiers in silence laid down their Arms to gaze on them, and waited for the Issue of the War from their single Engagement: Their two Swords cross each other like flashes of Lightning, and deal fruitless Blows on the burnish'd Armour, which resounds with their heavy Strokes. The two Combatants stretch themselves out, contract themselves, bow themselves down, start up in an instant, and after a while grapple together; the Ivy that grows at the Foot of an Elm, does not more closely grasp the hard and knotty Trunk with its wreathing Branches, till it reaches the highest Boughs, than these two Combatants clasp and lock one another. *Adrastus* had not yet lost any thing

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thing of his native Strength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arriv'd to the full increafe of his. *Adrastus* made feveral Attempts to surprize his Enemy and overfet him; he endeavours to feize the Sword of the young *Greek*, but in vain; while he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the Ground, and throws him prostrate on the Sand; then did that impious Wretch, who always contemn'd the Gods, betray a vile Fear of Death; he is affham'd to beg his Life, and yet cannot help manifefting that he defires it; he endeavours to work upon the compaffionate Temper of *Telemachus*: O thou Son of *Ulyffes*, faid he to him, I now at laft acknowledge that the Gods are juft; they punifh me as I have deferved; nothing but Diffrefs can open the Eyes of Men to fee the Truth; I fee it, and ftand condemn'd by it, but let an unfortunate King put you in mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the Thoughts of this affect your Heart!

Telemachus, who held him faft under him, and had already lifted up his Sword to kill him, infantly made this Answer; I had no other aim but Victory and the Peace of the Nation to whole Succour I am come; I delight not in Bloodfhed; live therefore, O *Adrastus*, but live to repair your Faults; reftore all that you have ufurp'd, re-eftablifh Tranquility and Juftice in the Confines of the great *Hefperia*, which you have fullied with fo many Maffacres and Treacheries; live, and become a new Man; let your Fall
teach

teach you that the Gods are just ; that wicked Men are miserable ; that they cheat themselves in seeking Happiness by Violence Inhumanity and Guile ; in short, that nothing is so happy or delightful as a plain and steady Virtue. Give us for Hostages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime Nobility. At these Words *Telemachus* suffers *Adrastus* to rise, and lends him his Hand, without in the least distrusting his Villany ; *Adrastus* immediately threw at him a second Dart, which he had kept conceal'd ; it was a short one, but so sharp-pointed, and flung with that force, that had not *Telemachus's* Armour been of a supernatural make, it had certainly pierced it. At the same time *Adrastus* runs behind a Tree to avoid the Pursuit of *Telemachus*, who cry'd out to the *Daunians* ; You see, O ye *Daunians*, the Victory is ours ; this wicked Man saves himself only by his Treachery. He who fears not the Gods is afraid of Death : On the contrary, who fears the Gods has nothing else to fear. Speaking these Words he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a Sign to his Men, who were on the other side the Tree, to intercept the perfidious *Adrastus*. *Adrastus*, fearing he should be taken, makes as if he would return the same way he came, and resolves to break thro' the *Cretans*, who stood to oppose his Passage ; but on a sudden, *Telemachus*, swift as the Thunder which is hurl'd by the Father of the Gods upon guilty Mortals Heads, flies upon his Enemy ; he seizes him

him with his victorious Hand, lays him prostrate on the Ground, as the bleak North Wind beats down the tender Ears of Corn; he will now hear no more, tho' the impious Wretch attempts again to abuse his generous Temper; he buries his Sword in his Heart, and precipitates him to the Flames of sable *Tartarus*; a just Punishment of his Demerits.

No sooner was the Breath gone from *Adrastus*, but all the *Daunians*, instead of deploring their General and their own Defeat, rejoyc'd for their Deliverance, and stretch'd out their Hands to the Allies, in token of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the Son of *Adrastus*, whom his Father had nurtur'd up in Maxims of Dissimulation Injustice and Inhumanity, betook himself to flight like a Coward; but a certain Slave, that was an Accomplice in all his Cruelties and infamous Actions, whom he had enfranchis'd and loaded with Favours, and to whose Fidelity alone he committed his Flight, cast about how he might betray him, for his own advantage: He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in his Back; then, cutting off his Head, brought it to the Camp of the Confederates, in full Expectation of some mighty Reward for thus finishing the War; but the Villany was held in Abhorrence, and the Perpetrator put to Death. *Telemachus*, seeing the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a Youth of marvellous Beauty, and of an excellent Disposition, which had been spoyl'd by Pleasures and bad Examples,

Examples, could not forbear bursting into Tears; Behold, said he, the Bane that is in a young Prince's Prosperity; the higher his Condition is, and the more spritely his Temper, the more he wanders out of the true Way and departs from the Sentiments of Virtue; I my self might perhaps have done the same, had not the Misfortunes in which I was bred up (thanks to the Gods and *Mentor's* Instructions) taught me to govern my self.

The *Daunians* being assembled, demanded, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to set up a King of their own Nation, who might, by his Virtues, wipe out the Reproach which the flagitious *Adrastus* had brought upon the Crown: They thank'd the Gods for having destroy'd the Tyrant, and crowded to kiss the Hand of *Telemachus*, who was the Instrument in cutting off that Monster; so that their Defeat was to them in the Nature of a Triumph. Thus in a Moment fell, beyond Retrieve, that Power which threaten'd all the others in *Hesperia*, and which was cause of Terror to so many People, like those Terraces that seem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little sap'd and undermin'd. For a great while the feeble Toil, us'd in attacking the Foundations of it, is derided; it seems not in the least weaken'd, all is smooth and plain, nothing so much as shakes; mean while all the Subterranean Props are gradually destroy'd down to the Foundation, and then at once the Terrass
sinks

sinks, and opens a prodigious Chasm. Thus an unjust and fraudulent Power, how prosperous soever it seems to be thro' its Violences, is all the while digging a Precipice under its own Feet: Guile and Inhumanity do, by degrees, sap the most solid Foundations of illegal Authority; Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the Moment it vanishes; its own Weight sinks it down, and nothing can raise it again, because it has with its own Hands destroy'd the true Supports of Sincerity and Justice, which alone beget Love and Confidence.

The chief Commanders of the Army met the next Day to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a delightful thing to see the two Camps confounded together by so unlook'd for a Friendship, so that the two Armies now made but one. The wise *Nestor* could not be present at this Council, because Grief of Mind, added to his great Age, had wither'd his Heart just as a Shower of Rain demolishes a Flower, and makes it droop in the Evening, which in the Morning, while *Aurora* was rising, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields; his Eyes were become two Fountains of Tears that could not be dry'd up; kindly Sleep, that charms the acutest Pains, fled far away from him: Hope, the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him; all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; even the Light was odious to him; his Soul wish'd for nothing but to dye and to sink into the everlasting Night of *Pluto's* Empire:

Empire: In vain did his Friends talk to him; his distemper'd Mind nauseated all Friendship; as a sick Man dis-relishes the most wholesome Meats. To all that they could say to move him, he return'd nothing but deep-fetcht Sighs and Heart-breaking Groans; by fits he was heard to say, O *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, my Son, thou call'st me hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render Death sweet to me! O my Son, all the Happiness I now desire is to see thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. Then would he continue whole Hours without speaking the least Word; but would sob and wail, and lift his Hands and tear-drown'd Eyes to Heaven. And now the Princes, being assembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Pisistratus's* Body, on which he strew'd Handfuls of Flowers, with exquisite Perfumes, and shed a Flood of bitter Tears. O my dear Companion, said he, I shall never forget how I saw thee at *Pylos*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the Banks of the great *Hesperia*: I owe thee a thousand and a thousand officious Cares; I loved thee, and was beloved by thee: I was acquainted with thy Valour; it surpass'd that of many renown'd Greeks; but alas! it has occasion'd thy Death, tho' gloriously; it has rob'd the World of a blooming Virtue which would have equall'd that of *Achilles*! Yes; thy Wisdom and thy Eloquence, in a riper Age, would have come up to the Perfections of that Heroe who was admir'd by all *Greece*! Thou wast already
Master

Master of that sweet Insinuation which was irresistible when thou spakest those natural and ingenuous Ways of recounting a Story, that sage Moderation which charms down boiling Spirits, that Authority which flows from Prudence and the Energy of good Counsels: When thou spakest, every Ear was attentive; all were prepossess'd in thy Favour, all were desirous that Thou should'st have their Approbation; thy Speech that was plain and without flourish, gently stole into Men's Hearts, like Dew upon the springing Grass. But alas! all those Blessings, which we enjoy'd but a few Hours ago, are now snatch'd from us for ever! *Pisistratus*, whom I hugg'd in my Arms this Morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a sad Remembrance of him: Ah, if thou had'st clos'd the Eyes of *Nestor*, and not we thine, then had he not seen what he now is forc'd to see, nor would he have been the most unhappy Father in the World! Then *Telemachus* caus'd the goary Wound that was in *Pisistratus*'s Flank to be wash'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a Bed of Purple, where with his Head leaning upon his Shoulder, o'erspread with the paleness of Death, he resembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shade, and extended its flourishing Boughs to Heaven, is wounded by the sharp edge of a Woodman's Axe; it no longer holds by its own Root nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother who nourishes her Plants in her Bosom; it sickens, it droops, it loses its Verdure, it can no longer support it self, and down it falls; its

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Branches that us'd to obscure the Day, are dragg'd in the Dust, all wither'd and dry ; it is now a bare Trunk despoyl'd of all its Ornaments. Thus *Pisistratus*, being now become a Prey to Death, was carry'd away by those who were to lay him on his funeral Pile : already the Flame mounts up to Heaven : a Troop of *Pylians*, with dejected watry Eyes, and Arms reversed, attended him : The Body was not long in consuming ; the Ashes are put into a golden Urn : And *Telemachus*, who took upon him the Care of the whole Ceremony, commits this Urn, as a most valuable Treasure, to *Callimachus*, who had been *Pisistratus*'s Governour : Take, said he, these Ashes, the sad but precious Remains of him whom you so much loved ; keep them for his Father, but wait till he has recover'd Strength enough to ask for them, and then, and not till then, deliver them : That which excites Sorrow at one time asswages it at another.

After this *Telemachus* repairs to the Assembly of the Confederate Kings. As soon as they espy'd him, they were all hush'd, in expectation to hear him discourse : This made him blush, and he could not be prevail'd upon to speak : the Praises that were given him by publick Acclamations, on account of his late Action, added to his Bashfulness ; so that he would gladly have hid himself : This was the first time he appear'd confused and irresolute. At length, he desired, as a favour, that they would desist from commending him :
Not

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Not but that I am a Lover of Praise, said he; especially when it comes from such good Judges of Virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much: Praises are apt to corrupt Men; they fill them full of themselves, and render them vain and presumptuous: We ought equally to merit and avoid them: There is no great Unlikeness between the justest and the falsest Praises: The wickedest of all Men, namely, Tyrants, are those who have procured themselves to be most praised by their Flatterers: What Pleasure is there in being commended like them? Due Praises are such as you will give me in my Absence, if I am so happy as to deserve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be modest, and wou'd fear Vanity: Spare me therefore, if you have any Esteem for me, and do not praise me as if I were a Man fond of such things.

After *Telemachus* had thus express'd himself, he return'd not a Word more to those who continued extolling him to the Sky. But by an Air of Indifference, he cut short the Encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they should displease him in good earnest; but their Admiration still encreas'd; every one knowing the Tenderness he had shewn to *Pisistratus*, and the Care he took to pay him the last Offices. The whole Army was more moved with these Marks of his Good Nature, than with all those miraculous instances of Wisdom and Valour, which he had lately manifested. He

is wise, he is valiant, whisper'd they one to another; he is the Favourite of the Gods, and the true Heroe of our Age; he is more than humane: But all this is only Matter of Wonder, it does nothing more than fill us with Amazement: He has Humanity and Goodness; he is a Friend; he is tender-hearted; he is Sympathizing, he is Beneficent, and wholly at the Service of them whom he ought to love; he is the Delight of them who live with him; he divests himself of his Dignity and Grandeur, and lays aside Indifference: This is what makes him useful in Life; this is what comes home to each Man's Heart; this is what begets in us a fondness for him, and makes all his Virtues palpable to us: This is what makes us all ready to sacrifice our Lives for him.

These Discourses were scarce finish'd, when they proceeded, without any more ado, to the Point in hand, namely, the business of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Most of the Princes were of Opinion that it was best to divide that Country among them as a conquer'd Land: They offer'd to *Telemachus*, for his share, the fertile Country of *Arpos*, which twice a Year produces the rich Donatives of *Ceres*, the bounteous Blessings of *Bacchus*, and the Ever-green Fruits of the Olive Tree sacred to *Minerva*. This Land, said they to him, ought to make you forget the poor Cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the Wild Forests of *Zacanthus*. Give over the Search of your Father,

Father, who must be perish'd in the Waves near the Promontory of *Capaneus*, thro' the Revenge of *Nauplius* and the Displeasure of *Neptune*. Think no more of your Mother, who is long since in the Possession of her Lovers, nor of your Country, whose Soyl is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Thessaly* are not more deaf and insensible of the Complaints of despairing Lovers, than *Telemachus* of these Proposals. For my part, says he, I am not fond either of Riches or Pleasures: What signifies the possessing a greater Compass of Land and commanding a greater Number of Men? It occasions but the more Perplexity and the less Liberty to the Master. Life is full enough of Miseries, even to the wisest and most moderate sort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing others, who are untractable, restless, oppressive, treacherous, and ungrateful. If a Man aims at the Mastery over others for his own sake alone, with an Eye to nothing but his own Authority Pleasure and Glory, he is a Villain, he is a Tyrant, he is the Scourge of Mankind: if, on the contrary, his design in aiming at the Dominion over them be to conduct them aright, for their own Good, he is not so much their Master as their Guardian, he has nothing but the Trouble of it, which is endless, and he is far from having any Thoughts or Desires to enlarge the Bounds of his Authority. The

Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but, with the Hazard of his own Life, guards it against the Wolves, and watches over it Night and Day, and takes care to lead it into fat Pastures, has no Mind to encrease the Number of his Sheep by seizing upon those of his Neighbours, because it would but encrease his Trouble. Altho' I never sway'd a Scepter, added *Telemachus*; yet do I understand, from the Laws, and from those wise Men who made them, how painful and laborious a thing it is to direct the Reins of Government and have the Conduct of Cities and Kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*, as mean as it is: I shall have Glory enough, provided I reign there with Justice Piety and Courage: And indeed, I shall reign there but too soon. Heaven grant that my Father, safe from the Fury of the Waves, may govern there to an extream old Age, and that I may long learn under him how to overcome my own Passions, and thereby to regulate those of a whole Nation.

Afterwards he thus proceeded: Hear, O ye Princes, what I think my self obliged to say to you for your own Interest. If you procure the *Daunians* a just King, he will rule them with Justice, he will shew them how much it is for their Advantage to adhere to the dictates of good Faith and Sincerity, and never to encroach upon their Neighbours: And this is what they could never come to an Understanding of, while they were govern'd by the impious *Adrastus*. As long as they shall be

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be under the Sway of a wise and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them; they will be beholden to you for this good King, whom you shall have bestow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for all the Peace and Prosperity they shall enjoy under him: They will be so far from annoying you that they will incessantly bless you, and both King and People will be as it were your Creatures, the Work of your own Hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their Country among you, pray observe the Mischiefs that must unavoidably ensue: These People, driven by Despair, will begin a new War; they will have Justice on their side in contending for their Liberty, and the Gods, who are Enemies of Tyranny, will fight for them: And if the Gods take their part, you will certainly, sooner or later, be confounded, and all your Prosperity vanish like Smoke: Wisdom and Counsel will be taken away from your Commanders, Courage from your Soldiers, and Fertility from your Lands: you will flatter your selves with vain Expectations, you will be rash and unadvised in your Undertakings, you will silence honest Men that shall offer to tell you the Truth, your Fall will be sudden, and it will be said of you, Are these the flourishing Nations that were to give Laws to all the World? See how they fly before their Enemies, and are the Sport of others who trample them under their Feet? This is the Work of the Gods, this is what such unjust, proud, inhu-

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mane People deserve! Again; if you attempt to divide this Conquest among you, you unite all the Neighbouring Nations against you: Your League, form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Hesperia* against the usurping *Adraftus*, will become hateful; and 'tis you that all the World will with good Reason accuse of aiming at a universal Tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all others: even That will be your Destruction. This Project will divide you all, because, not being founded upon Justice, you will have no Rule among you to square out each other's Pretensions by; every one will urge that his Part of the Conquest should be proportionate to his Power; none of you will have Authority enough over the Nations to make the Allotment peaceably, and this will be the Source of a War, which your Great-grand-children will never see an End of. Is it not much better to be just and moderate, than to follow one's Ambition with so much Danger and thro' so many inevitable Mischiefs? Are not profound Peace, the calm and innocent Pleasures that accompany it, the Blessings of Plenty, the Friendship of one's Neighbours, the Glory that is intail'd on Justice, the Authority that is acquired in rendering oneself by one's Sincerity the Arbiter of all foriegn Nations; are not these, I say, much more desirable things than the foolish Vanity of an unwarrantable Conquest? O Princes, O Kings, you see I speak to you without any Byass or Self-Ends;

Ends; hearken therefore to one who loves you so well as to contradict you, nay even to displease you by setting the Truth before your Eyes.

While *Telemachus* deliver'd himself thus, with an Air of Authority which they had never seen in any other, and while all the Princes with Astonishment and Rapture attended to the Wisdom of his Counsels, there was heard a confused Noise throughout the Camp; it spread it self to the very Place where the Assembly was held. A Stranger, said they, is landed on these Coasts, with a Company of arm'd Men. This unknown Person is of a lofty Mien; every thing in him appears heroic; it is easie to discern that he has been long under the frowns of *Fortune*, and that his high Courage has made him superior to all his Calamities. At first the People of the Country, who had the keeping of the Coast, would have repulsed him as an Enemy that was coming to make an Invasion; but after having drawn his Sword with an Air of Intrepidity, he told them that he knew how to defend himself, if he were attack'd, but that all he desir'd of them was Peace and Hospitality. He immediately held forth an Olive-Branch as a Suppliant: Upon this he is heard; he desires to be brought to those that govern in this Part of *Hesperia*, and therefore he is conducted into the Presence of the Assembled Kings.

Scarce was this News brought when this Stranger was seen entering with a Majesty that

that surprized the whole Assembly: One might easily have taken him for *Mars*, when he assembles in the Mountains of *Thrace* his Blood-thirsty Troops. He bespeaks the Assembly in these terms.

O ye Shepherds of the People, who are doubtless met together here to defend your Country against its Enemies, or to enact the most righteous Laws; hearken to a Man that has been harrow'd by *Fortune*: Heaven grant you never feel the like Calamities! I am *Diomedes* King of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*: The Revenge of this Goddess follows me throughout the Universe. *Neptune*, who can refuse nothing to the divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, which have dash'd me against many a Rock. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all Hope of ever seeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the delicious Light of that Country where I first saw the Day at my Birth: No, I shall never more see what I hold most dear in the World. I now am come, after numerous Shipwrecks, to seek on this unknown Shore a little Repose and a secure Retreat. If you fear the Gods, especially *Jupiter*, who has the Care of Strangers; if you are capable of Pity, do not refuse me, in these vast Regions, some Corner, tho' it be of barren Ground, some dismal Desert, or some sharp craggy Rock, that I, with my Companions, may found a City there, which may be at least a melancholly Image of our
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lost Country. We ask but a small Tract in some waste Place : We will live peaceably with you in a strict Alliance : Your Enemies shall be ours ; we will enter into all your Interests ; we only desire the Liberty of living according to our own Laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was speaking this, *Telemachus*, with his Eyes fasten'd on him, betray'd in his own Countenance all the different Passions that the humane Soul is capable of. When *Diomedes* first spoke of his long-continued Calamities, he was in hopes it might be his Father. As soon as he had declared himself to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus's* Countenance fell like a beauteous Flower which the cruel North Wind had just blasted with its pernicious Breath. The following Words of *Diomedes*, complaining of the implacable Anger of a Deity, begot in him a compassionate and a tender Remembrance of the like Misfortunes suffer'd by his Father and himself : His Cheeks ran down with Tears mix'd with Grief and Joy, and he instantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, said he, the Son of *Ulysses*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuseful to you when you took the famous Horses of *Rhesus* : The Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully : He is still alive, or there is no truth in the Oracles of *Erebus* : But alas ! he is not alive to me : I left *Ithaca* to seek him, and now I can neither see him nor *Ithaca* again : Judge by my Misfortunes how great my Compassion must be for Others.
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The Advantage that Misfortunes bring along with them, is to teach us to sympathize with others in the like Troubles: Tho' I am but a Stranger here, yet I am able, O great *Diomedes*, (for notwithstanding the Misery that overwhelm'd my Country when I was a Child, I have not been so ill educated as to be ignorant of your glorious Feats in War) I am able, O thou the most invincible of all the *Greeks* next *Achilles*, to procure you some Relief. These Princes, whom you here see, are Persons of Humanity, without which they very well know there is neither Virtue, nor true Courage, nor substantial Glory. Misfortune adds a new Lustre to the Glory of great Men: There is something incomplete in them if they never were in Tribulation; there is then wanting in their Lives Examples of Patience and Firmness of Mind; Distress Virtue melts all Hearts that have any Relish for Virtue; leave to us, therefore, the Care of comforting you; since the Gods have sent you to us, we look upon you as a Present they intended us, and ought to esteem our selves happy that we are able to mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was thus speaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with Wonder and Amazement, and felt his Heart leap within him; they strain'd each other in their Arms as if they had been united in the closest Bands of Friendship: O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, said *Diomedes*, I discover in you the Complacency of his Countenance, the Gracefulness of his

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his Discourse, his commanding Eloquence, his noble Sentiments, and his well-weigh'd Thoughts.

Mean while, *Philoctetes* likewise embrac'd the Son of *Tydeus*: They related to each other their melancholly Adventures: Then said *Philoctetes* to him: I doubt not but you would gladly see the wise *Nestor*; he has just lost *Pisistratus*, the last of his Children, and and now there remains nothing for him to do but to descend with Sorrow to the Grave: Come then and try to comfort him; a Friend under affliction is fitter than another to ease his troubled Heart. They immediately repair to the Tent of *Nestor*, who scarce knew *Diomedes* again; Grief had so disorder'd his Senses. *Diomedes* began immediately to weep with him, and their Interview was at first nothing but a redoubling of their Sorrow; but after a while the Presence of this Friend asswaged the old Man's Sorrows, which one might easily discern were in some Measure suspended by the secret Pleasure of relating what he himself had suffer'd, and of hearing, on the other side, what had befall'n *Diomedes*.

Whilst they were thus conversing, the Kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what Course to take. *Telemachus* advised them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpos*, and to chuse *Polydamas* for King of the *Dau-nians*, he being of their own Nation. This Man was a famous Captain, but *Adrastus*, thro' Jealousie, would never employ him,
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lest the World should ascribe to that able Soldier the Glory which he would suffer no Man to have the least share of besides himself. *Polydamas* had often in private intimated to him, that he too much expos'd his own Life and the Welfare of his Country, in this War, against so many confederate Nations: He would often have advis'd him to have observ'd a more ingenuous and moderate Deportment, with respect to his Neighbours; but those Men who hate Truth, do also hate such as are so bold to declare it to them: They make no manner of account either of their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Disinterestedness; a bewitching Prosperity harden'd *Adrastus's* Heart against the most wholesome Advice, and yet, notwithstanding all this, he still obtain'd the Victory over his Enemies Day after Day: Pride, Insincerity, Violence, were still the Instruments of Triumph to him. None of the Misfortunes which *Polydamas* so often threaten'd him with, came to pass; *Adrastus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence which is always foreseeing Inconveniencies: He could no longer endure the sight of *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all Employments of Honour and Trust, and left him to languish in Solitude and Indigence. *Polydamas* was at first dispirited at this Usage, but it soon gave him what he wanted, in opening his Eyes to see the Vanity of high Fortunes; he became wise at his own Cost; he began to rejoice that he had been unfortunate; he by degrees learnt how to suffer; to be

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be satisfy'd with a little, and calmly to feed his Soul with Truth; to cherish and entertain within him secret Virtues, which are more worth than the noisy showy ones: In fine, to know how to live a sequester'd Life. He dwelt at the foot of Mount *Garganus* in a Desert, where a half-arch'd Rock serv'd him for a House; a Brook that run from a Mountain slaked his Thirst, and some adjoining Trees afforded him their Fruits for Food; he had two Slaves that cultivated a little Spot of Ground for him, in which he wrought likewise with his own Hands; the Ground repay'd his Toyl with great increase, not suffering him to want any thing; He had not only Fruit and Pulse in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant Flowers besides: There he bewail'd the Unhappiness of those People who are forc'd on their Destruction by the senseless Ambition of a Tyrannical Prince; there he every Day expected that the just Gods, tho' patient for a while, would at length crush the impious *Adrastus*: The more his Prosperity gain'd Ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove; for Imprudence, when it is successful in its Errors, and Power, when scrud up to the highest pitch of absolute Authority, are the Forerunners of the Downfal of Kings and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Overthrow and Death of *Adrastus*, he shew'd no Signs of Joy, either for having foreseen it, or for being rescu'd from his Tyranny: He only sigh'd for fear of seeing the *Dau-*
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nians in a State of Slavery. This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King; he had for some time known his Courage and Valour; for *Telemachus*, according as *Mentor* had advis'd him, was incessantly making enquiry of the good and bad Qualities of all who were in any considerable Employment, not only among the Confederate Nations who serv'd in this War, but even among his Enemies: He made it his principal Care every where to find out and examine what Men had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes made at first some difficulty of placing *Polydamas* on the Throne. We have experienced, said they, how much a King of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his Neighbours, when he is a Lover of War and knows how to manage it; *Polydamas* is a great Captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd, 'Tis true, *Polydamas* understands War, but he loves Peace; and these are the two Things that are most to be desir'd in a Prince: A Man who is acquainted with the Unhappiness, the Hazards and the Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it than another, who has no Experience of them: *Polydamas* has learn'd to relish the Pleasure of a quiet Life; he condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*, he foresaw their dismal Consequences. A weak and ignorant Prince ought more to be dreaded by you than a Man who will look into Affairs, and determine every thing himself; a weak and ignorant Prince will see nothing
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but by the Eyes of a giddy Favourite or of a flattering turbulent and ambitious Minister; so that a Prince thus blinded will engage himself in a War, even tho' he has no mind to it; and you can never be sure of him, because he cannot be sure of himself; he will falsify his Word to you; he will soon reduce you to such Extremities, that you must either ruin him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and, at the same time, more just and generous, to make a faithful Return to the Confidence the *Daunians* place in you, and to give them a King worthy to command them?

The whole Assembly receiv'd Conviction from this Speech, and they came to a Resolution instantly to propose *Polydamas* to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an Answer. When they heard the Name of *Polydamas*, they reply'd, We are now satisfied that the Confederate Princes will act sincerely by us, and perpetuate the Peace with us, since they are willing to grant us a Man so virtuous and so capable of governing us, to be our King. If they had proposed to us a lewd, effeminate, and ill-principled Person, we should have thought they aim'd only at depressing us and corrupting the Form of our Government: We should have secretly harbour'd in our Breast a deep Resentment of so ill-natur'd and fraudulent a Piece of Conduct; but their choice of *Polydamas* is a sure Indication of real Candour; the Confederates without doubt expect nothing from
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us but what is just and honourable, since they concede to us a King who is incapable of acting the least thing counter to the Liberty and Glory of our Nation; and we, in like manner, do protest, in presence of the just Gods, that Rivers shall sooner return to their Sources, than we will cease to love so beneficent a People: May our most remote Posterity remember the Benefit we this Day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age in all the Borders of *Hesperia*!

Telemachus, after this, proposed to bestow on *Diomedes* the Fields of *Arpos*, to plant a Colony there. This new People, said he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their Settlement in a Country which you don't at all occupy: Remember that all Men owe each other reciprocal Love; that the Earth is too large for them; that they can't be without Neighbours; and that 'tis best for us to have such as are indebted to us for their Establishment: Be soften'd with the Misfortunes of a King who cannot return into his own Country. *Polydamas* and he, being united together by the Bands of Justice and Virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preserve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the Neighbouring Nations that may entertain Thoughts of aggrandizing themselves. You see, O ye *Daunians*, that we have bestow'd on you a King capable of advancing your Glory to the Skies; do you, therefore, on your part give a piece of Ground
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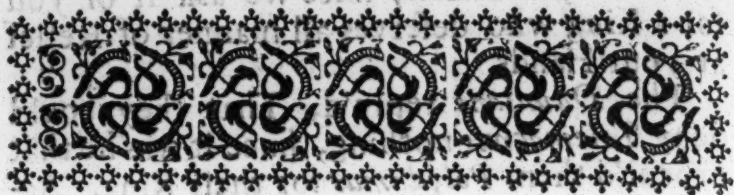
that is to you useless, since we ask it of you for a King who deserves all manner of Relief at your Hands.

The *Daunians* reply'd, That they could deny *Telemachus* nothing, since it was he that procur'd them *Polydamas* for their King. Accordingly they went to fetch him from his Solitude, and to place him upon the Throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile Plains of *Arpos* to *Diomedes*, to found a new Kingdom there. The Confederates were overjoy'd at this Concession, because *Diomedes's* Colony of *Greeks* would add a considerable Weight to the Confederate Forces, if ever the *Daunians* should renew the Usurpations of which *Adrastus* had set so ill an Example.

End of the Ninth Book.



THE



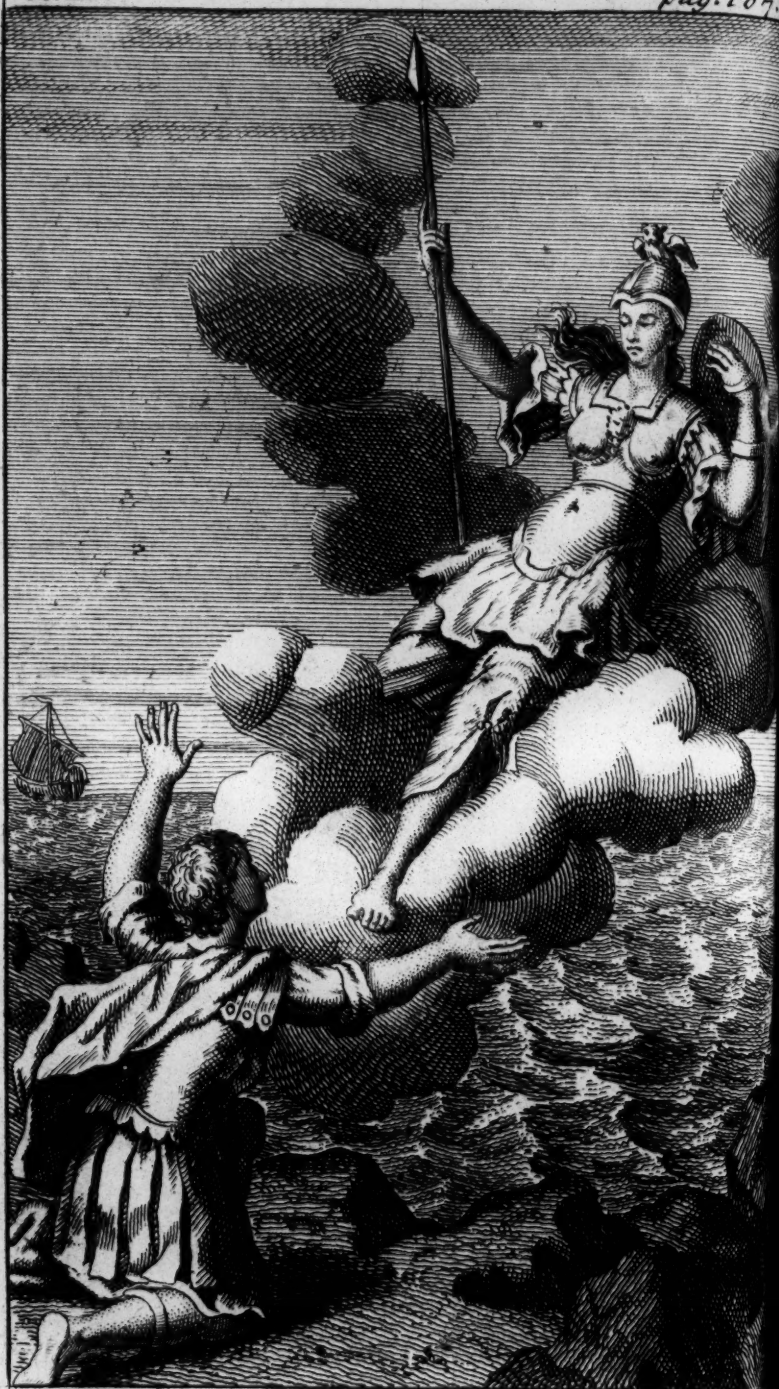
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK X.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus arrives at Salentum, and is struck with Wonder at the Alterations which were made by Mentor's Advice : He gives a Relation of what he had observ'd in the War against Adraftus ; Mentor convinces him of his Errors, and prepares him to see his Father very soon. Telemachus makes him privy to the Love he has conceived for Antiope, the Daughter of Idomeneus : Mentor approves of it, and foretels him that she shall be his Spouse : Telemachus asks Idomeneus to let him have a Ship, which being granted, he quits the Country of the Salentines. Mentor.





Minerva quits y^e Shape of Mentor & leaves Telemachus

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tor gives him fresh Instructions in the Ship; whilst they are discoursing they make ashore at an Island to take in Water; there they meet with an unknown Person, who climbs up upon the Rocks and avoids them. Telemachus finds an unaccountable Emotion within himself: Mentor defers telling him that this unknown Person was Ulysses, till after Ulysses was quite got away from the Island. Telemachus complains of this Conduct of Mentor's, who the very same Moment transforms her self into her proper shape of Minerva. Telemachus, surpriz'd with Admiration, prostrates himself at her Feet, and pays his Thanks to her. The Goddess kindly raises him up, and gives him Instructions upon the Topicks of Prudence Virtue and a Reverence for the Gods. She disappears and leaves Telemachus penetrated with a due Sense of her Favours. He immediately sets forward, lands at Ithaca, and finds his Father Ulysses at the House of the faithful Eumæus.



Telemachus, with Tears in his Eyes, takes his leave of them, after having tenderly embraced the valiant Diomedes, the wise and inconsolable Nestor, and the famed Philoctetes, the worthy Inheritor of the Arrows of Hercules. The brave Son of Ulysses burn'd with Impatience to see Mentor again at Salentum and to take Shipping with

with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his Father might e'er this be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum* he was fill'd with Amazement to see all the neighbouring Country which he had left little better than a Desert, cultivated like a fine Garden and full of diligent Labourers: He knew this must be *Mentor's* doing. Afterwards, entering the City, he observ'd that there were fewer Artificers for Luxury and the Pleasures of Life, and a much less appearance of Pomp and Magnificence. *Telemachus* was not pleas'd with this, for he was naturally fond of every thing that look'd gay and fine; but it was not long before his Mind was possess'd with other Thoughts; he at a distance sees *Idomeneus* coming towards him with *Mentor*: This instantly fill'd his Heart with Joy and Tenderneſs: Yet notwithstanding he had been ſucceſſful in the War againſt *Adraſtus*, he was afraid leſt *Mentor* ſhould not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he conſulted *Mentor's* Eyes, to ſee if they intimat'd nothing that might give him occaſion to upbraid himſelf. Firſt *Idomeneus* embraced *Telemachus* as his own Son; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himſelf about *Mentor's* Neck, and bedew'd him with his Tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well-pleas'd with you; you have been guilty of great Overſights; but they have ſerv'd to make you know your ſelf, and to be hereafter diffident of your own Abilities. Men often reap more Fruit from their Miſ-deeds than from their nobleſt

noblest Atchievements. Great Actions are apt to puff up the Heart and to inspire a dangerous Presumption; whereas a Man's Miscarriages and Defects make him enter into himself, and restore him the Prudence which he lost during the Run of his good Fortune. That which remains for you to do, is to praise the Gods, and not to court the Praises of Men: Your Performances have been great; but pray speak the Truth, were they done entirely by your self? Did they not happen to you like something unaccountably pour'd upon you from without? And were you not like to have spoyl'd them by your Headiness and Imprudence? Did it not seem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another Man beyond your self, in order to make you the Instrument of her Atchievements? She held back all your Infirmities and superseded your Defects, as *Neptune* does, when he suspends the angry Waves and stops the Storm.

Whilst *Idomeneus* was speaking to the *Cretans*, who return'd from the War, *Telemachus* gave attentive Ear to the sage Counsels of *Mentor*. After which he cast his Eyes on every side with Wonder, and said, What a Change do I see? It passes my Understanding: Has any dreadful Calamity befallen this Place while I was absent? What is become of that Magnificence which reign'd in every part of it at my departure? I see neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones: The People are meanly habited; the Buildings that are carrying

rying on, are much inferior to the rest both for Dimensions and Ornament; the Arts droop, and the City is become a Desert.

To this *Mentor* reply'd smiling, Did you take notice of the Condition of the Country round the City? Yes, answer'd *Telemachus*, I saw the Fields were clear'd of the Brambles, and People every where employ'd in Culture. Which is best, adds *Mentor*, a City abounding in Gold and Silver, with a Country neglected and barren; or a manur'd fertile Country, with a City ordinary in Shew and moderate in its Manners? A great City of Artificers employ'd in emasculating Men's Minds with the Luxuries of Life, when it is surrounded with a Kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is like a Monster who has a Head of an exorbitant bigness, but whose Body is extremely thin and depriv'd of Nourishment, so as to bear no proportion to the Head; 'Tis the Number of People and the Plenty of Provisions which makes the true Strength and true Riches of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable, and indefatigable in Labour, who fill every corner of his Country; so that his whole Country is as it were but one entire City, and *Salentum* but the Center of it. The more these People increase and multiply, the more do the Fruits of the Earth increase and multiply by their Labour. This so sweet and peaceable a Multiplication augments his Kingdom more than a Conquest would do. He has laid aside no Arts, but such superfluous ones as turn the
Poor

Poor from applying themselves to things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the Rich, by occasioning Pride and Supineness. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admir'd his Magnificence; that dazzling Glitter hid under it a Weakness and a Misery which would soon have undermin'd his Empire: Now he has a greater Number of Men, and subsists them more easily: These Men, who are accusom'd to Toyl, Pain, and a Contempt of Life, thro' the Love they bear to good Laws, are always in a readiness to fight in the defence of those Lands which they with their own Hands have improv'd; this State, which you think decay'd, will soon become the Wonder of *Hesperia*. Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the Government of a Nation, two pernicious Things, which are scarce ever to be remedy'd; the first is an unjust and too violent Authority in Kings; the second is Luxury, which viciates the Manners of the People. When Kings have accusom'd themselves to know no Laws but their own Will, and to give no Check to their Passions, they may do any thing; but by this very Power of doing any thing, they sap the Foundation of their Power; they go by no certain Rules, nor are they restrain'd by any Maxims of Government; their Subjects try who shall flatter them most; they lose their People, and have nothing left them but Slaves. Who shall tell them the Truth? Who shall set Bounds to this Torrent? Every thing falls before it;

the wisest fly away, hide themselves and groan in secret: Nothing but a sudden and violent Revolution can bring back this deluging Power into its natural Channel; nay, oftentimes the Means made use of to regulate it, have irrecoverably destroy'd it. Nothing so much threatens a fatal Fall, as an Authority that is carry'd too far, like a Bow too much bent, which at last breaks on a sudden, if the String be not slacken'd; but who is he that will dare to slacken it? *Idomeneus* was in his Heart a just Man, yet it was this bewitching Authority that tumbled him from his Throne; but even after that, his Eyes continu'd hoodwink'd: There was a necessity for the Gods to send us hither to undeceive him, and to open his Eyes that he might see that overstrain'd extravagant Power, which does not besit the State of Man; nay, they were forc'd to make use of a sort of Miracle to recover him from his Delusion. The other almost incurable Mischief is Luxury; as too great an Authority poysons Kings, so Luxury poysons a whole Nation: 'Tis commonly urg'd, that Luxury serves to feed the Poor at the expence of the Rich; as if the Poor could not more profitably provide for themselves by increasing the Fruits of the Earth, than by softening and womanizing the Rich by the refinements of Voluptuousness. Thus a whole Nation habituates it self to look upon the most superfluous Things, as if they were absolutely necessary; and thus every Day brings forth
some

some new necessity of the same kind, and Men can no longer live without things which but thirty Years ago were utterly unknown to them. This Luxury is call'd (forsooth) the *bon Gout*, the Perfection of Arts, and the Politeness of a Nation. This Vice, which carries in its womb a thousand more, is commended for a Virtue; it spreads its Contagion down to the very Dregs of the People; they that have any Royal Blood in their Veins are willing to imitate the King's Magnificence; the Men of Quality would mimick the King's Relations, and the middle sort would fain equal those of Quality, (for who is it that thinks amiss of himself?) the lowest Rank of Men would pass for a middle sort, and every one lives above his Condition, some for Ostentation and to make a Shew of their Wealth, others thro' a mistaken Shame and to cloak their Poverty; even those who are so wise as to condemn so great a Disorder, are not so wise as to dare to be the first to stem the Tide or to set contrary Examples. Thus a whole Nation falls to Ruin; all Conditions and Ranks of Men are confounded; an eager Desire of acquiring Wealth to support a vain Expence, corrupts the purest Minds, and nothing is minded but how to grow rich; and then they fall to borrowing cheating and using a thousand mean Arts to get Money: But who shall remedy these Evils? the Relish and Habitude of a whole Nation must be changed, new Laws must be given them; and who shall

attempt this, unless the King should prove to be so much of a Philosopher, as to set an Example of Moderation himself, and so put out of Countenance those who love a pompous Expence, and at the same time, to encourage the Prudent, who will be glad to be authoriz'd in a decent Way of Frugality.

Telemachus, hearing this Discourse, was just like a Man who comes out of a profound Sleep: He felt the Truth of these Words, and they were deeply engraven in his Heart, like as a skilful Statuary gives what Lineaments he pleases to a Piece of Marble. *Telemachus* made no Answer; but pondering in his Breast all that he had been hearing, he attentively survey'd the several Changes and Alterations that had been made in the City, and after a while he thus express'd himself to *Mentor*. You have made *Idomeneus* the wisest of all Kings; both he and his People are become new Creatures; and it must be granted that what you have done here is infinitely greater than all the Victories we have obtain'd. Chance and Strength have a great Share in the Successes of War, and these Successes are always fatal and odious. But what I see here is the Work of a Cœlestial Wisdom; all is sweet, all is pure, all is admirable, all bespeaks an Authority that is more than humane. When Men have set their Hearts upon purchasing Glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themselves to do Good? How ignorant are they of the true Nature of Glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging
the

the Earth and spilling humane Blood ! *Mentor* display'd a sensible Joy in his Face, to see *Telemachus* have such right Notions about Victories and Conquests, at an Age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory that surrounded him.

After this, *Mentor* added: 'Tis true, all you see here is good and laudable ; but know, that it is possible to do yet better things than these. *Idomeneus* curbs his Passions, and applies himself to regulate his People ; yet for all this, he commits a great many Faults, which are the unhappy Consequences of his ancient Errors : When Men set about shaking off any Evil Custom, this Evil still seems to follow them ; there still remains within them some of their old Leaven, a weaken'd Disposition, inveterate Errors, and almost incurable Prejudices. Happy are they who never wander'd out of the right Path ! They may be able to do good in a much greater Perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will expect more from You than from *Idomeneus* ; because You have been acquainted with the Truth from your Infancy upwards, and have never been abandon'd to the Fascinations of a too great Prosperity.

Idomeneus, continued *Mentor*, is wise and sagacious ; but he applies himself too much to little minute things, and does not enough mediate on the Bulk of his Affairs. The Qualification of him who is set over other Men, does not consist in doing all himself : It is an egregious Piece of Vanity to think to do any

such thing, or to go about to persuade the World that one can do it. A King ought to govern by chusing and conducting those who govern under him: He is not to descend into every Circumstantial Matter; for that is doing the Business of those who are under him: he ought only to call them to an account, and to know enough to be able to take the necessary parts of such an Account. The grand Art of governing is to know how to chuse and apply according to their several Talents those that are under you, to correct them, regulate them, and inspire them with good Conduct. For a Prince to examine every thing himself argues Diffidence, Littleness of Mind, and a Jealousie about mean Matters, which consumes that Time and Freedom of Spirit which is necessary for great things. To form grand Designs a Man must have a calm disengaged Thought. A Mind that is exhausted and spent with too many Particularities, is like the Lees of Wine which have neither Strength nor Flavour: They who govern by the Detail are always determined by what is before them without extending their Views to a remote Futurity; they are always sway'd by the Affair of the present Day, and that Affair being the only one that takes up their Thoughts, they are too much impress'd by it; for no Man can pass a sound Judgment of things, without comparing them all together, and marshalling them in a certain Order, that thereby they may be reduc'd to a proper Connection and
Pro-

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Proportion. To fail in this Rule of Government, is to be like a Musician, who, thinking it enough that he has hit upon harmonious Sounds, never troubles himself to unite and accord them together, in order to compose a sweet and ravishing Piece of Musick; or like an Architect, that thinks his Business done, provided he heap together mighty Columns, and abundance of well-cut Stones, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the several Ornaments of his Building: When a Dining Room is to be made, he thinks not of making a suitable Stair-case; when the Body of the Building is in hand, he dreams not either of the Court-Yard or the Portal; his Work is nothing but a confus'd Medley of pompous Parts, which are not made to fit one another: This Work, instead of being for his Honour, is rather a Monument of his Shame; for it shews that it was done by a Workman who had not a sufficient Compass of Thought to take in at once the general Design of his whole Work, which is the Character of a limited and a subaltern Mind: When a Man is born with a Genius confin'd to Particularities, he is only fit to execute Affairs under another. Depend upon it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom demands a certain Harmony like Musick, and just Proportions like that of Architecture. If you will give me Leave, I will again make use of the Comparison of these Arts, and make you conceive what ordinary Understandings those Men have who govern

by the Detail. He who in a Consort of Musick sings only some certain Parts, tho' he sings them perfectly well, he is no more than a Singer ; he alone is the Master of Musick who governs the whole Consort, and at once regulates all the Parts of it. In like manner, he that cuts the Columns, or raises one Side of a Building, is but a Mason ; while he who contrives the whole Edifice, and has all the Proportions in his Head, is the only Architect : So those who take most Pains and are most laborious in making out the Dispatches, are such as have the least Share in the Governing part ; they are no more than under-Workmen : the true Genius that conducts a State, is he who, doing nothing himself, knows how to do every thing and causes every thing to be done ; he contrives, he invents, he foresees the Future, he reflects on what is past, he distributes and proportions things, he makes early Preparations, he incessantly arms himself to struggle against Fortune, as a Swimmer grapples with a Torrent of Water ; he is attentive Night and Day that he may leave nothing to Chance. Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great Painter labours from Morning till Night that he may dispatch his Work the sooner ? No ; such Slavery and Subjection would damp the Flame of his Fancy ; he would no longer work from his Genius ; all must be done Irregularly and by Sallies, according as his Relish moves him, and his Spirit stimulates him. Think you that he spends his Time in grind-

grinding of Colours and preparing of Pencils? no, that's the Business of his Servant. His Province is that of Thought and Contrivance; he studies nothing but to strike bold Strokes that may give Sweetness, a noble Air, Life and Passion to his Figures; his Head runs upon the Sentiments and Way of Thinking of those Heroes he is about to represent; he transports himself into the Ages wherein they lived, and re-mounts into all the Circumstances that ever attended them: To this kind of Enthusiasm he must joyn a Judgment that must restrain and chastise his luxuriant Fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its Parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that less Elevation, Genius, and Effort of Thought is requisite to make a great King, than a good Painter? Conclude then that the Business of a King is to *think*, and to make choice of others to *act*.

Telemachus reply'd; methinks I am convinc'd of every thing you have been saying; but at this rate, a King would be often imposed upon, for not entering himself into Particulars of things. No, 'tis you that impose on your self, reply'd *Mentor*: That which hinders a Prince from being imposed upon, is a general Knowledge of Government: Those who have no Principles to go by in Business, and have no true Discernment, go always as it were groping in the Dark, and 'tis owing to Chance if they don't mistake their Way. They don't so much as know
what

what it is they are looking for, nor which way they ought to steer their Course; they only know how to be distrustful, and they sooner distrust honest Men: that contradict them, than Knaves that flatter them; on the contrary, they that have Principles of Government, and who are well skill'd in Men, know what they ought to aim at, and the Means to attain it. They perceive, at least in gross, whether the Persons they make use of are Instruments proper for their Purpose, and whether they conceive their Intentions so far as to be able to hit the White they aim at. Besides, as they don't concern themselves with tedious Particulars, they have their Minds more at Liberty to Survey at once the Body of the Work, and to observe whether it advances towards its principal End: If they make any Mistakes, they scarce ever happen to be essential ones. Again, they are above those little Jealousies that are the Badges of a narrow Spirit and a groveling Soul: They very well know that there's no avoiding being deceived sometimes in great Affairs, because they must make use of Men for their Instruments, and that Men are often subject to Error and Deceit. More may be lost by the Irresoluteness attending Diffidence, than would be lost by suffering oneself to be in some Measure imposed upon. He is very happy who is deceived only in inconsiderable things; great ones will not fail to take their own course: And this is the only thing that a great Man should

should be under any Concern for; he ought severely to punish Deceit when it is discover'd; but a Man that will not be really deceived, must reckon upon meeting with some Deceit.

In fine, says *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are beloved by the Gods, who are preparing for you a Reign that shall be replenish'd with Wisdom; all that you see here is intended, not so much for *Idomeneus's* Glory, as for Your Instruction. All these prudent Establishments, which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the Shadow of what you shall one day make in *Ithaca*, if by your Virtues you answer the purposes of your high Destiny. 'Tis time we thought of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a Ship ready for our Return. Thus *Mentor*, who super-intended every Moment of *Telemachus's* Life, in order to advance him to the highest Pitch of Glory, stay'd him only so long in each Place as was necessary to exercise his Virtue and enable him to gain Experience.

Telemachus, upon this, did, tho' not without some Difficulty, unbosom to his Friend a certain Inclination he had, which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, said he, for too easily entering into Engagements in the Places thro' which I pass: But my Heart would continually upbraid me, if I should conceal from you that I love *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, such a blind Passion as you cured me of in the Island of *Calypso*:

Calypso: I well know the Depth of the Wound Love made in my Soul when I was with *Eucharis*: I cannot yet utter her Name without Concern. Time and Absence have not been able to expunge it from my Heart: This sad Experience teaches me to be distrustful of my self: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her Account is nothing like the other: It is not an amorous Vagary; it is Judgment, it is Esteem, it is Persuasion: O how happy should I be in passing my Life with her! If ever the Gods restore my Father to me, and permit me to chuse a Wife, *Antiope* shall be the Person: What in Her charms me is her Silence, her Modesty, her Reservedness, her assiduous Industry in embroidering and working of Wooll, her Application in managing her Father's House since her Mother's Death, her Contempt of gawdy Apparel, her Overlooking her own Beauty. When *Idomeneus* commands her to lead up the Dances of the young *Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one would take her for a smiling *Venus*, she is attended with so many Graces: When he carries her to Hunting with him in the Forest, she looks as Majestick, and is as dexterous at handling the Bow, as *Diana* amidst her Nymphs; herself alone does not know it, while all the World admires it. When she enters into the Temple of the Gods, and bears the sacred Offerings on her Head in Baskets, one would think she were the very Deity that inhabits the Temple. With what Awe, with what

what Devotion have we seen her offer Sacrifices and avert the Anger of the Gods, when some Crime was to be expiated or some dreadful Omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one sees her with a Company of her Women holding in her Hand a golden Needle, one would think *Minerva's* Self were descended to Earth in a humane Form to inspire Men with curious Arts: She cheers up others to Work, she renders Labour pleasant to them by the Sweetness of her Voice when she Sings the miraculous Stories of the Gods; she surpasses the most exquisite Painting by her delicate Embroideries. Happy the Man whom cheerful *Hymen* shall unite to her! he will have nothing to fear but to lose her and survive her. My dear *Mentor*, I call the Gods to witness that I am ready to be gone: I shall love *Antiope* as long as I live; but she shall not retard my Return to *Ithaca* one Moment. If another should enjoy her, I should pass the rest of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterness: But in short, I am resolved to leave her, tho' I know my Absence may endanger me to lose her. I am unwilling to discover my Passion either to her, or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a Declaration of it to any but You, 'till *Ulysses*, reinstated on his Throne, gives me his Consent. You may by this be convinced, that my present Impression is vastly different from that blind Passion I had for *Eucharis*.

Mentor

Mentor reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there is a difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent; her Hands despise not Labour; she foresees things at a great distance; she provides against all Contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a Hurry; she is everlastingly employ'd, but never embarrass'd, because she does every thing in its due Season; the good Order of her Father's House is her Glory; it adds a greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty: Tho' the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd with the Burthen of reprov'g, refus'g, sparing, (things that make all other Women hated) she has acquir'd the Love of all the Household; and this, because they find not in her either Passion, or Conceitedness, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women: With a single Glance of her Eye they know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease her: The Orders she gives are plain; she commands nothing but what may be perform'd; she reproves with Kindness, and even amidst her Reprehensions, she finds room to give Encouragement to do better: Her Father's Heart reposes itself upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the tender Grass beneath a shady Tree. You are in the right, O *Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a Treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote Regions; her Mind, any more than her Body, is never trimm'd with vain gawdy Ornaments: Her
Fancy,

Fancy, tho' full of Life, is restrain'd by her Discretion; she never speaks but when there is an absolute occasion, and, when she opens her Mouth, soft Persuasion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips; the moment she begins, every Body else is silent, which throws a bashful Confusion into her Face; she could find in her Heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she perceives that she is so attentively listned to; for my part I have scarce ever heard her speak. You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father one Day made her come in, how she appear'd with her Eyes cast down, cover'd with a large Veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Punishment upon one of his Slaves. At first she took part with him in his Trouble, then she calm'd him, at last she intimated to him what might be alledg'd in Excuse of the poor Wretch, and without letting the King know that he was transported beyond due Bounds, she inspir'd into him Sentiments of Justice and Compassion: *Thetis*, when she sooths old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without assuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as she now touches her Lyre, when she would draw from it the most melting Sounds. Once again I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well-grounded; the Gods design
her

her for you; you love her with a rational Affection, but you must wait till *Ulysses* grant her to you. I commend you for not having discover'd your Sentiments to her; but know that if you had taken any by-methods to let her know your Designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have had a value for you; she will never promise her self to any one, but will leave her self to be dispos'd of by her Father; she will never take for her Spouse a Man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not observed as well as I, that she appears less in sight than she us'd to do, and casts her Eyes more to the Earth since your return? She knows all the Successes that have attended you in the War; she is not ignorant either of your Birth, or of your Adventures, or of any thing that the Gods have done for you; and 'tis this that renders her so shy and so reserved. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do but to bring you to your Father, and to put you into a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were she a Shepherdess on the frosty Mount *Algidus*, as she is a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happiest of Men in the Enjoyment of her.

These

These Words inflam'd the Heart of *Telemachus* with an impatient Desire of returning to *Ithaca*; he press'd *Idomeneus* to let him be gone; the Vessel was in a readiness; *Mentor* had taken care to cause it to be prepar'd for him presently after *Telemachus's* arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great Reluctancy see them prepare for their Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow and a most deplorable Melancholly, when he saw his two Guests, who had been so helpful to him, about to forsake him. He shuts himself up in the most retir'd Apartments of his House; there he eas'd his Heart in sighing and pouring out Floods of Tears: He refus'd to eat, and Sleep had no Power to charm his acute Sorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneasie Condition, like a well-grown Tree, when a Worm begins to gnaw the Stock of it in those refined Channels thro' which the Sap is convey'd to nourish it: This Tree, which the Winds were never able to loosen, and which the fruitful Earth takes delight to nourish in her Bosom, which the Woodman's Axe never wounded, still it languishes and droops, and all the while the cause of its decay lies undiscover'd; it fades and sheds its Leaves that were its Glory and Ornament; it has nothing now to shew but its Trunk, cover'd with a Bark that gapes with frequent flaws, together with dry and sapless Branches. Thus fared it with *Idomeneus*; *Telemachus* was melted, but durst not speak to him; he dreaded the Day of his Departure; he sought

Pretexts

Pretexts to retard it, and had continu'd a long time in this unresolv'dness, if *Mentor* had not thus spoke to him ; I am glad to see this Change in you ; you were naturally rugged and stiff, not suffering your self to be mov'd by any thing but your own Conveniencies and Advantage ; but you are at length become humane, and by undergoing Misfortunes your self, you have learnt to sympathize with others under the like Circumstances. Without this Compassionateness a Man has neither Goodness, nor Virtue, nor Capacity to govern others ; but you must not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly Friendship. I would willingly speak to *Idomeneus*, to get his Consent for your Departure, and would save you the trouble of so melancholly a Conversation ; but I would not have either an indecent Shame or a Ferocity over-rule your Heart. You must accustom your self to blend Courage and Firmness of Mind with a tender and sensible Friendship : You should fear to afflict Men without an unavoidable necessity ; you should take part in their Troubles when you cannot avoid making them uneasy, and soften as much as you can the Severity of the Blow which it is impossible for you entirely to with-hold. 'Tis for that very reason, answers *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the time of our Departure from your Mouth than mine : To which *Mentor* immediately reply'd ; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*, you are like the Children of Kings, who are tenderly brought

brought up in Purple; they expect every thing to be done their own way, and would have the whole System of Nature pay Obedience to their Humours; and yet have not Resolution enough to oppose any one to his Face. It is not that they care so much for Mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a Principle of Goodness; but they do it with an Eye to their own Conveniency; they are not willing to see any sorrowful dissatisfied Faces about them; they are under no Concern for the Troubles and Miseries of Men, provided they are not before their Eyes, or sounding in their Ears: Discourses on such Subjects are offensive to them and damp their Pleasure. To please them, they must be continually told that all things go well, and, while they are wallowing in Delights, they are unwilling to hear or see any thing that may interrupt their Mirth: If there is occasion to reprehend any one, to oppose the Pretensions and Passions of an unjust and troublesome Man, they always employ some other to do it, rather than speak themselves with a gentle firmness of Mind. They are ready to suffer the most unjust Favours to be extorted from them, and spoyl the most important Affairs, for want of Resolution to act against the Sentiment of those with whom they have to do every day. This Weakness, which every Body perceives in them, puts every Body upon casting about how to make their advantage of it; they teize them, they importune them, they tire them

them out, and by thus worrying them they gain their Ends; they begin with flattering them and extolling them to the Skies, to insinuate themselves the better; but so soon as ever they have scrud themselves into their Confidence, and are plac'd near their Persons in some considerable Authority, they lead them whither they please, they impose the Yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to shake it off, but still they wear it as long as they live: They are so jealous of their Honour as not to endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet they are continually govern'd by others, nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like those feeble Vines, which, not being able to support themselves, creep round about the Trunk of some large Tree. I cannot suffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this Fault, which renders a Man so unapt for Government: You, who are so tender as not to dare to speak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his Sorrows when once you are got out of *Salentum*: It is not so much his Trouble that softens you; 'tis his Presence that embarrasses you; go, speak to *Idomeneus*; learn on this occasion to be tender-hearted and steady-minded at the same time; let him know the Concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a resolv'd Air and a positive Tone of Voice, the Necessity of your Departure.

Telemachus

Telemachus durst neither any longer oppose *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was ashamed of his Fear, and yet had not the Courage to overcome it: He paus'd, then made a step or two, then immediately return'd to alledge to *Mentor* some new Reason of Delay: But *Mentor's* Look alone depriv'd him of Speech, and put to flight all his fair Pretences. Is this, said *Mentor* smiling, the mighty Conqueror of the *Daunians*, the Deliverer of the great *Hesperia*, the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, who is to be, after him, the Oracle of *Greece*? He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his return into his Country to see his Father! O ye People of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will you one day be, if you have a King who is over-ruled by an undecent Shame, and who sacrifices his greatest Interest to his Weakness, in Matters of the most inconsiderable Consequence. See, *Telemachus*, what a difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in Business: You did not fear the Arms of *Adrastus*, and yet now you are afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus*: It is this that dishonours Princes who have perform'd the greatest Actions: After they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they shew themselves the meanest of Men upon common occasions, wherein others support themselves with Vigour. *Telemachus*, convinced of the Truth of these Words, and stimulated with this Reproach, went hurrying out, and would no longer give Ear to his Affections; but he

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was scarce enter'd into the Room where *Idomeneus* was sitting with down-cast Eyes, languishing and devour'd with Sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other; they durst not look one upon another; they understood one another without saying any thing, and each dreaded the others breaking Silence: they both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus*, urg'd with excess of Sorrow, cry'd out, To what purpose is Virtue courted, if she so ill requites those who love her? After my Weakness has been remonstrated to me, I am forsaken: Well! I must relapse into all my Misfortunes; speak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it; I am weary of Mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus*? Your Father is dead, you in vain seek for him; *Ithaca* is become a Prey to your Enemies; they will destroy you if you return thither, you will find that one or other of them has marry'd your Mother; therefore continue here and reign with me; at least leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only Resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your Heart, take pity on the most miserable Man in the World. What! do you say nothing? Ah! too plainly I see how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it less severely even in *Crete*, where I was so unhappy as to slay my only Son.

At last, *Telemachus* reply'd, with a disorder'd and timorous Voice, I am not at my own Disposal; the Destinies recal me into my Country; *Mentor*, who is indu'd with
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the Wisdom of the Gods, commands me in their Name to be gone. What would you have me do? Must I renounce my Father, my Mother, and my Country which ought to be much dearer to me than my Life? being born to Royalty I am not destin'd to a sedate calm Life, nor to follow my own Inclinations. Did you not promise to send me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this Promise that I, with the Confederates, fought for you against *Adrastus*? 'Tis time for me to think of redressing my domestick Misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have also given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulysses*, to make him fulfil the Decrees of Fate. Would you have me lose *Mentor*, after having lost all things besides? I have now neither Estate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor any certain Country to fly to; I have only a wise virtuous Man left me, who is the most precious Gift of *Jupiter*: Judge you whether I can foregoe such a Treasure, and so abandon my self to my self. No, I would sooner dye; take, take my Life, that's a trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his Discourse, his Voice enlarg'd it self, and his Timoroufness went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to answer, and could not find in his Heart to grant what the Son of *Ulysses* ask'd of him. When he could no longer speak to him, he by his Looks and Gestures endeavour'd to move his Compassion. At the same moment

he saw *Mentor* appear, who gravely address'd himself to him in these Terms. Do not afflict your self: We indeed leave you; but Wisdom which presides in the Council of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe your self happy that *Jupiter* has sent us hither to save your Kingdom, and to recover you from your erroneous digressions: *Philocles*, whom we have restor'd to you, will serve you faithfully: The fear of the Gods, the relish of Vertue, the love of the People, and compassion for the unhappy, will always prevail in his Heart: Harken to him, and make use of him without Distrust or Jealousie; the greatest piece of Service you can do your self, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults freely and without any varnishing. The greatest Courage of a good King consists in seeking true Friends who may shew him his Mistakes; provided you are indu'd with this kind of Courage, our absence cannot hurt you, and you will live happily; but if Jealousie, which insinuates like a Serpent, should again find a way to your Heart, to make you distrust the most disinterested Counsels, you are undone: Don't suffer your self to be overcome with Sorrow, but resolutely yield to the guidance of Virtue. I have told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your assistance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong use of your Confidence in him: I can take upon me to answer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*; every one ought

ought courageously to follow where his Destiny leads; 'tis of no use to wail and lament. If ever you have occasion for my help, after I have restor'd *Telemachus* to his Father and his Country, I will come and visit you again; and indeed what can I do that can give me a greater Pleasure? I neither seek Riches nor Authority upon Earth; I am only desirous to assist those that are Seekers of Justice and Virtue. Can I ever forget those instances of Confidence and Friendship I have found from you?

At these Words *Idomeneus* was of a sudden become another Man; he felt his Mind grow calm, like the Sea, when *Neptune* with his Trident quells the tumultuous Waves and the most lowring Tempests: There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable sort of Regret, which was rather a Sentiment of Tenderness, than an acute Sorrow: Courage, Confidence, Virtue, and the Hope of the assistance of Gods the began to revive within him. Well then, said he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I must lose every thing, and not be discouraged; at least, remember *Idomeneus* when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will bring down Blessings shewing on your Head. Forget not that *Salentum* was the Work of your Hands, and that you have left an unfortunate King there, who has no hope but in you. Farewel, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, I will retard you no longer: Far be it from me to resist the Gods, who lent me so great a Treasure; and farewel, *Mentor*,
I 2 the

the greatest and wisest of all Men (if Humanity is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity under a borrow'd Form, to instruct weak and ignorant Men) go and conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adrastus*: Farewel both of you, I dare speak no more; forgive my Sighs; go, live, and be happy: All I have left me is the Remembrance that I once possess'd you. O glorious Days! too happy Days! Days which I knew not how sufficiently to value! Days that have too rapidly past away! You will never more return, never will my Eyes again see what they now behold!

Mentor took this Moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Fears, without being able to speak a word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the Hand, in order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but this last, taking his way towards the Haven, plac'd himself between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: He gazed upon them; fetch'd deep Sighs; he began to speak, but his Words were cut off by frequent Sobbing, so that he could not accomplish a Period.

And now confused Murmurs are heard upon the Shore, which is cover'd with Mariners; the Ropes are pull'd, the Sails are hoisted, and a favourable Wind begins to blow: *Telemachus* and *Mentor* take their leave of the King, who accompanies them to
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the Harbour, and still follows them with his Eyes: Mean while, they weigh Anchor, and the Land seems to fly from them; already the Experienc'd Pilot sees at a Distance the *Lucatian* Mountains, whose Head buries itself in a whirling Cloud of freezing Sleet; he likewise beholds the *Acroceraunian* Hills, which still rear up their haughty Brow to Heaven, though they have been so often mauld with Thunder.

As they Sail'd, *Telemachus* said to *Mentor*: Methinks I now conceive the Methods of Government which you have explain'd to me. At first they had the Appearance of a Dream; but by Degrees they unravel themselves in my Mind; and exhibit themselves clearly to me; as all Objects seem Dark at the first Glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a Chaos, when the Day insensibly gaining strength, distinguishes them, and restores them their natural Colours. I am fully persuaded that the essential Point of Government is to discern well the different Characters and Inclinations of each Man's Spirit; to make a prudent Choice, and to apply them according to their several Talents; but I want to know how to acquire this Skill in Men. To this *Mentor* answer'd: You must study Men, if you would know them; you must converse and have Dealings with them. They that govern, ought to have frequent Commerce with their Subjects, to make them talk, to consult them, to make Tryal of them by

small Employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you come by your Knowledge in Horses? It was by often seeing them, and by observing their Faults and their Perfections, in company with Men that had Experience in them. Just so you should be often talking of the good and bad Qualities of Men, and make this the Subject of your Discourse, with other wise and Virtuous Persons, who have long study'd their Characters; you will insensibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad Poets? It was frequent Reading and Reflection with such Persons as had a true Taste that Way. Who is it that procured you that Judgment in Musick? It was the same Application of Mind in observing Musicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he does not know them? And how should he know them if he does not converse with them? To see them in Publick is not conversing with them; for on such Occasions there is nothing said on either side but things indifferent and prepared with Art. The Business is to converse with them in private, to fish up from the Bottom of their Souls all the secret Springs that lye lurking there; to grope them on every side and to sound their Maxims. But in order to judge well of Men, you must first apply your self to know what they ought to be: You should know what
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true and solid Merit is, that you may discriminate such as have it from such as have it not. You must be furnish'd with certain Principles of Just Reason and Virtue, whereby to know who are reasonable and vertuous: You must be acquainted with the Maxims of a good and wise Government, that you may discern the Men who act by these Maxims, and those who depart from them thro' a false Subtilty: In a Word, to take the Dimensions of many Bodies, one ought to have a fixt Measure, and in like manner, to form a right Judgment, a Man ought to have certain Principles, to which all is reducible: He ought to know exactly what is the Design of humane Life, and what End ought to be propos'd in governing Men. This sole and essential Aim is for a Man never to desire Authority and Grandeur for his own sake (which only tends to gratifie a Tyrannical Pride) but to Sacrifice himself to the infinite Cares of Government in order to render Men good and happy; otherwise he walks in the Dark all the whole Course of his Life: He goes like a Ship in the open Sea without a Pilot and without consulting the Stars, and without knowing any of the Neighbouring Coasts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreckt. Oftentimes Princes, for want of knowing wherein true Virtue consists, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men: True Vertue, they think, has something in it that is rough, austere, and superiour to them; this frightens them, and so

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they turn themselves towards Flattery, and from that Time they can no longer find either Sincerity or Virtue; they soon get a Custom of believing there are no such things in reality upon Earth; for tho' good Men very well know ill Men, yet ill Men cannot discern the Good, nor bring themselves to believe there are any such in the World. Princes of this Character can do nothing but distrust every body alike; they hide themselves, lock themselves up, are jealous upon the least Trifle; they are afraid of Mankind; they fly the Light, and dare not appear in their natural Condition; tho' they desire not to be known, they can't help being so, for the Malicious Curiosity of their Subject dives into every thing; but they themselves know no body. The selfish Crew that besieges them are over-joy'd to see them inaccessible to Others, and take extream Delight in blackening by infamous Reports and shuffling from the Court all such as are capable of opening the Prince's Eyes: They pass their Lives in a savage unhumane kind of Grandeur; and being incessantly afraid of Imposture, they are always sure to be inevitably imposed upon, and deserve to be so. When one speaks only to a small Number of People, one is bound to receive all their Prejudices and Passions: One is at the Mercy of Tale-bearers, a vile and malignant Tribe of Men, whose Food is Venom, and who Poison the most innocent things; they make Mountains of Mole-hills; they will invent
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Mischief if none is ready made to their hands; they, for their own Interest, play with the Diffidence and unbecoming Curiosity of a weak and jealous Prince. Therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*, Study Men; examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually, but be not implicitly sway'd by any; make Improvement of your Experience: When you happen at any Time to be deceived in your Judgment, let that be a Lesson to you not to judge too hastily of any one, either well or ill: The Wicked are too subtle and deep not to surprise the Good by their specious pretences: Thus your past Errors will afford you very useful Instructions. When you find any Man has a peculiar Talent and is withal vertuous, make use of him without reserve; for Men of Honour love to have their Integrity taken Notice of; they are sonder of Esteem and Confidence than Riches; but take care you do not spoyle them by giving them an unbounded Power: Many a one has lost his Virtue, because his Master heap'd on him too much Authority and Wealth: He who is so much beloved of the Gods as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, Men of solid Wisdom, stanch Virtue, will soon by their Means find other Persons that resemble them, to fill up inferiour Places. Thus a Prince may, by a few good Men whom he can trust, learn what he cannot of himself discern.

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But is it advisable, said *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men that have Abilities and a Talent for Business, as I have often heard say it is? There is, said *Mentor*, oftentimes a Necessity to make use of them. When a Nation's in a ferment and disorder, there are often found crafty Knaves in Authority: They are possessors of considerable Posts, which they cannot be easily put out of; they have acquired the Confidence of certain powerful Persons, who must be humour'd: Nay, these very wicked Men themselves must be humour'd; because they may have it in their Power to raise Combuſtions: 'Tis proper therefore to continue them for a time, but still with a Design to render them useless by degrees. As for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever reposing it in them, for they may abuse it and hold you fast by the Secrets you have committed to them, in spite of all you can do; a Chain more hard to be broken than any made of Iron! Send them upon Negotiations that are only honorary, be civil to them, engage them to be faithful to you by seeming to indulge even their Passions, for you will never hold them by any other handle; but do not let them into your more secret Deliberations; have some Engine always ready to move them at your Pleasure, but never commit to them the Key either of your Heart or of your Affairs. When a State comes to be settled and is under the Conduct of wise and good Men whom you may depend upon, those ill Men that you are forc'd to

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to employ will by degrees become useless: And even then you should not discontinue to treat them well; for you should never be ungrateful even to ill Men: But at the same time that you shew them Civilites, you should endeavour to make them good, and while you connive at their Faults as humane Frailties, you ought not to let pass unpunish'd the Evils they would openly commit if they were let alone. After all, there is an Evil in the very good that is done by ill Men, and tho' this Evil often becomes inevitable, you should however endeavour to put a stop to it. A wise Prince who aims at good Order and Justice in all his Views, will in time be able to lay aside corrupt and fraudulent Men, and to do his Business without them: He will find enow good Men of a sufficient Capacity to serve him; but it is not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation, he should form such himself. This, answer'd *Telemachus*, must be attended with great Difficulties. Far otherwise, reply'd *Mentor*: Your Application and Diligence in looking out for Men of Abilities and Virtue, in order to make their Fortunes, will be a Spur to all such as have a Talent and a Spirit; so that they will all strive to recommend themselves to your Notice. How many Men are there that languish in an obscure and unactive Life, who would become great Men were they excited by Emulation and Hope of Success, to exert themselves in Business? How many Men are there whose Misery and an Incapacity to raise them-

themselves by their Virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal Methods? If therefore you annex Rewards and Honours to Industry and Virtue, how many good Subjects will of themselves form and produce to publick View their several Merits? But how many will You form, in making them ascend Step by Step from the lowest to the highest Employments? You will hereby exercise their Genius, you will fathom the Depth of their Understanding, and discover the Sincerity of their Virtue: Those that shall rise to the highest Places will be such as have been brought up under your own Eye: You will be able to judge of them, not by their Words, but by the whole Course of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reasoning thus, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* Ship that had put in at a small Island that was desolate and wild and surrounded with frightful Rocks. And now the Winds were hush'd; even the gentle *Zephyrs* seem'd to hold their Breath; the whole Sea became smooth like a Looking-glass; the flapping Sails could no longer give life to the Vessel; and the Rowers were so fatigu'd they could scarce make any riddance, so that they were under a Necessity of landing in this Island, which was indeed rather a prodigious Rock than a habitable Place; in other Weather, less calm, there would be no approaching, it without the greatest Danger. Those *Pheacians*, who waited for the Wind, appear'd no less impatient than the *Salentines*

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to prosecute their Voyage. *Telemachus* advances towards them upon this craggy Shore; he asks the first he meets, whether he had not seen *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, in the Royal Palace?

The Person he thus accidentally accosted was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown Stranger, who had a Majestick Air, but withal sad and disconsolate: He seem'd to be full of Thought, and scarce heard *Telemachus's* Question at first, but at length he made this Reply, You are not mistaken; *Ulysses* has been receiv'd by the King, as being in a place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hospitality exercis'd; but he is not here now, and therefore it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to seek *Ithaca* again, if the appeased Deities will at last suffer him once again to salute his Domestick Gods. Scarce had the Stranger pronounced these Words but he fled into a little Thicket that was on the top of the Rock, from whence he with a sad Aspect view'd the watry Deep, flying from all the Men he saw, and seeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd wistfully on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and astonish'd. This unknown Person, said he to *Mentor*, has answer'd me like one that is full of Pain and Anxiety, and hears with uneasiness every thing that is said to him: I pity the Unfortunate, I am so my self, and I find my Heart strongly bias'd to this Man, tho' I know not why: He was not over-courteous to me, and yet I
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can't help wishing that his Troubles had an end. *Mentor* with a Smile reply'd, You see what the Misfortunes of Life are good for; they take down the Pride of Princes, and render them sensible of other Men's Afflictions. When they have indeed tasted nothing but the sweet Poison of Prosperity, they fancy themselves to be Gods; Mountains must become Plains to gratifie their Humour; they look upon Men as nothing: They are for sporting with the whole Frame of Nature. When they hear any one speak of Suffering, they know not what it means, 'tis all a Dream to them; they never saw the distance between Good and Evil. Nothing but Misfortune can give them Humanity, and change their Hearts of Flint into Hearts of Flesh; then they find they are but Men themselves, and are taught to be tender of other Men, who are like themselves. If your Heart is mov'd with pity for a Stranger, because you find him wandering on the Shore like yourself, how much more Compassion ought you to have for the People of *Ithaca*, if you shall hereafter see them suffer! That People whom the Gods will commit to you as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become miserable thro' your Ambition, or Pride, or Imprudence: for a Nation never suffers but through the Mis-deeds or Defects of their Kings, who ought to watch over them, to secure them from Misery.

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While *Mentor* was speaking thus, *Telemachus* was swallow'd up with Trouble, and after a while reply'd, If all this be true, the Condition of a King is very miserable: He is a Slave to all those he seems to command; he is not so much made to command them as he is to serve them; he owes himself entirely to them; he is burthen'd with all their Cares; he is every Man's Man; he must comply with their Weaknesses, correct them like a Father, render them wise and happy: The Authority he seems to have is not his own: He can do nothing, either for his own Glory or Pleasure; his Authority is that of the Laws, which he must obey himself, to set an Example to his Subjects; properly speaking he is only the Defender of the Laws to make them reign: He must watch and labour to maintain those Laws; he has the least Liberty and Repose of any Man in the Kingdom. It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*; a King is made a King only to take care of his People, as a Shepherd does of his Flock; or a Father does of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having so much good to do to so many People: He restrains ill Men by Punishments, encourages the Good by Rewards; he represents the Gods, in thus conducting all Mankind to Virtue. Has he not Glory enough in causing the Laws to be observed? That of setting himself above the Laws is but a false Glory, and breeds nothing but Horror and Contempt: If he is a vicious Man, he cannot

cannot but be miserable; for he can find no Tranquility amidst his Passions, and in his Vanity: If he be a good Man he tastes the purest and most substantial of all Pleasures, in labouring the Cause of Virtue, and thereby expecting from the Gods an everlasting Recompence.

Telemachus oppos'd to these Reasons the Ingratitude of Men. What! said he, to take so much Pains to endear ones self to those Men, who perhaps will never love us, and to shew Kindness to such worthless Wretches as will make use of the very Favours they have received, to do us a Mischief! *Mentor* answer'd, You must reckon upon meeting with Ingratitude from Men, and yet you must not omit to do them good; you ought to serve them, not so much for their own Sake, as out of Love to the Gods who command it: The Good that is done is never lost; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it; besides, if the Bulk of Mankind is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous Men, upon whom your Virtue will make an Impression; nay, the very Multitude, as fickle as they are, never fail to do some kind of Justice to Men of real Virtue. But would you hinder Men from being ungrateful? Do not solely apply your self to render them powerful, rich, formidable in Arms, happy in Pleasures: Such Glory, such Plenty corrupts them; it makes them but the more wicked, and consequently the more ungrateful. But apply your self to reform their Manners,

Manners, to instil into them Justice, Sincerity, Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, Disinterestedness; in making them good you will prevent their being ungrateful; you will give them the true Good, namely Virtue, which if it be solid, will always engage them to him who shall have inspir'd them with it. Is it to be wonder'd at that Men should prove ungrateful to such Princes, as never directed them to any thing but Injustice, Ambition, and Jealousie against their Neighbours, Hard-heartedness, Pride, and Insincerity? As a Prince has taught them, so he must expect to find them, and no otherwise. But if, on the contrary, he has labour'd by his own Example, as well as Authority, to render them good; he will find the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtues, or at least he will find in his own, and in the Friendship of the Gods, sufficient Matter of Consolation.

While they were thus conversing, *Telemachus* often turn'd his Eyes towards the Sea, which began to be in a Ferment; the Winds heav'd up the Waves, which came dashing against the Rocks, and whitening them with their Foam; and now the Ship-Sails, began to belly out with the inspiring Wind: A confus'd Noise was heard on the Shore, occasion'd by the Mariners eagerness to put to Sea. That unknown Person, to whom *Telemachus* had spoken, had been wandering some time up and down the Island, climbing to the top of every Rock, and from thence surveying

surveying the immense space of the Seas, with a profound Dejection of Mind. *Telemachus* had not lost sight of him, but watch'd every step he took. After a while, this Man seeing his Ship ready to set Sail, descended from those sharp-pointed Rocks, with as much speed and agility as *Apollo* in the Forests of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen Locks, he scours over the Precipices in Chace of the Stags and Wild Boars. And now this unknown Person is embark'd, his Ship cuts its way thro' the brackish Waves, and flies from the lessening Shore. A secret impression of Grief seizes *Telemachus's* Heart, he is uneasie without knowing why; Tears trickle down his Face, and nothing is so pleasant to him as weeping. At the same time he sees all the *Salentine* Mariners fast asleep on the Grass; they were weary and depress'd; gentle Repose had insinuated it self into all their Limbs, and all the humid Poppies of the Night were, by *Minerva's* Power, strew'd upon them in the middle of the Day. *Telemachus* is astonish'd to see this universal Drowsiness of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were so diligent to improve the opportunity; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Pheacian* Ship at a distance, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable Attractive fasten'd his Eyes to that Ship, of which he can now see nothing but the Sails, which cast a glimmering Whiteness from the Azure Deep; nay, he is so intent that he does not hear *Mentor* speak; he is in an Extasie, like that of the *Menades*,

Menades, when they hold the *Thyrus* in their Hands, and make their frantick Shouts resound from the Banks of the *Hebrus* and the Mountains of *Rhodope*. At last he began to come out of this sort of Enchantment, and the Tears rowld down from his Eyes. Upon this says *Mentor* to him, I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to see you weep; tho' the Cause of your Sorrow is unknown to you, it is not so to *Mentor*; it is the Voice, the Operation of Nature, 'tis she that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you so lively an Emotion, is no other than the great *Ulysses*; he is going to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at last sees again that long desir'd Place. Your Eyes have seen him, as was formerly foretold you should, but without knowing him: You shall soon see him and know him, and he shall know you; but the Gods did not allow that that should be done out of *Ithaca*: His Heart felt no less Perturbation than yours, but he is too wise to discover himself to any Mortal in a place where he might be expos'd to Treachery and the Insults of *Penelope's* Bloodthirsty Lovers. *Ulysses*, your Father, is the wisest of all Men; his Heart is like a deep Well; his Secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves Truth, and never speaks any thing that offends against it; but he never speaks it unless there be occasion: Wisdom, like a Seal, always keeps his Lips shut from uttering any unnecessary Words. How often was he disorder'd in speaking to you! How often

often did he stop short in his Speech, that he might not discover himself to you ! What Anguish did he not feel in seeing you ! And this was the Cause of his Melancholly and Sadness.

During this Discourse *Telemachus* dissolv'd into Tears ; deep interrupting Sobs hinder'd him at first from making any Answer. After a while he burst out into these Words, Alas ! my dear *Mentor*, I found something nameless in that Stranger, that strongly engag'd me to him, and made a yearning in all my Bowels. But why did not you tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulysses*, seeing you knew him ? Why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him ? What is the Mystery of this ? Am I always to be unhappy ! Will the incensed Gods for ever hold me like thirsty *Tantalus*, whose greedy Lips are still amus'd by the fugitive deceitful Water ? O *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, have you escap'd me for ever ? O I shall never see him more, he will fall into the Ambuscades that *Penelope's* Lovers have prepar'd for him : O had I follow'd him, then at least I had dy'd with him ! O *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, even tho' you escape the Fury of a fresh Storm (for I have every thing to fear from adverse Fortune) I tremble lest when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you should meet with the same sad Fate *Agamemnon* did at *Mycene*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happiness ? I should now have been embracing him ; I should have been already with him.

him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we should have fought together to conquer all our Enemies. *Mentor* reply'd smiling, It is to exercise your Patience that the Gods hold you thus in suspense: You look upon this time as lost, but know that it is the most useful part of your Life, for it exercises you in the most necessary of all Virtues for those that are to command others. You must be patient if you would acquire the Mastery of your self and others. Impatience, which seems to be the Vivacity and Strength of the Soul is only its Weakness. He that cannot wait and suffer, is like one that cannot keep a Secret; both of them want firmness of Mind to contain themselves, as a Man that runs a Race in a Chariot, and has not a Hand strong enough to stop at proper times his fiery Coursers: They cease to obey the Bridle, they gallop headlong down a Precipice, and the weak Man, whom they run away with, is dash'd in pieces by the Fall. Thus an impatient Man, by his wild ungovernable Appetites, is flung into an Abyss of Misfortunes; the more absolute his Authority is, the more fatal to himself is his Impatience: He will not wait; he will not give himself time to measure any thing; he forces all things to to gratify his Wishes; he tears off the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the Gates rather than stay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wise Husbandman is but sowing; all he does in haste is ill done, and can have no longer
duration.

duration than his fickle Fancy. Such are the simple Projects of a Man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the Reins to his Desires, in the Abuse of his Power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods make you undergo these severe Tryals: The Blessings you hope for just shew themselves to you, and then fly away like an airy Dream, which vanishes as soon as a Man awakes: And this is done to instruct you that the very things you fancy you hold fast in your Hands may escape from you in an instant. The wisest Lessons you can have from the Mouth of *Ulysses* will not be so useful to you as his long Absence and the Sufferings you have undergone in seeking him.

Telemachus heard all this with Sorrow and Anguish; he look'd upon the Sea, but could no longer discover the least glimpse of the *Pheacian* Ship: Then he turn'd his weeping Eyes on *Mentor*, who had been speaking to him; but on a sudden he perceiv'd *Mentor's* Countenance assume a new Form, the Wrinkles of his Forehead disappear'd as the Shades of Night vanish when the rose-finger'd Morn unbars the Gates of the Orient and inflames the whole Horizon; his hollow and severe Eyes were turn'd to a celestial blue, and fill'd with divine Fire; his grisly undress'd Beard was no longer seen: Noble and Majestick Lineaments, mix'd with Sweetness and Grace, presented themselves to the Eyes of the astonish'd *Telemachus*: He saw a
Woman's

Woman's Countenance with a Complexion finer than that of a tender Flower just opening to the Sun: He saw thereon the Lilly's whiteness mix'd with the blooming Rose's Vermillion; all over there flourish'd an eternal Youth, majestically plain and unaffected; an ambrosial Odour diffus'd it self from her flowing Tresses; her Garment glister'd like those lively Colours with which the Sun, when he rises, paints the dusky Arches of Heaven and the Clouds that he has just been gilding. This Deity did not touch the Ground with her Foot, but shot fleeting thro' the Air, as a Bird cleaves it with his Wings. In her powerful Hand she held a brilliant Spear, capable of striking Terror into the most warlike Cities and Nations, *Mars* himself would have trembled at it: Her Voice was sweet and mild, but commanding and insinuating, her every Word was like a Dart of Fire that pierced *Telemachus's* Soul and made him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious Pain: Upon her Helmet appear'd the solitary Bird of *Athens*, and upon her Breast there glitter'd the formidable *Ægis*. By these Badges *Telemachus* knew it was *Minerva*.

O Goddess, said he, 'tis you, 'tis you your self who have vouchsafed to conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, for his Father's sake! ————— he would have gone on but his Voice fail'd him; his Lips made fruitless Offers to utter the Thoughts that came crowding from the bottom of his Heart. The presence of a Deity overcame him, so that he was like a
Man

Man who in a Dream is so overcharged as to lose his Respiration, and cannot form a Word for all the violent Agitation of his Lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounced these Words: O Son of *Ulysses*, hearken to me for this last time: I never instructed any Mortal with so much Care as I have done you; I have led you by the hand thro' Shipwrecks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the Evils that can try the Heart of Man: I have shewn you by plain Examples the true and false Maxims of Government: Your Mis-deeds have been no less useful to you than your Misfortunes; for what Man can govern wisely if he has never suffer'd any Hardship, or has never made any Advantage of the Sufferings into which his Faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your disastrous Adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his Steps; all that remains for you is a short and easie Passage to *Ithaca*, where your Father is this very Moment landing. Go, fight under him, and pay him the same Obedience as the meanest of his Subjects, to whom be you your self an Example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your Bride, and you shall be happy with her, because you sought her for her Prudence and her Virtue more than her Beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole Glory in renewing the Golden Age: Hear every Body, trust but a few, have a care of trusting your ownself too much: Fear to deceive your self, but
never

never fear to let others see that you have been mistaken. Love your People, and omit nothing to gain their loves. Fear is necessary where Love is wanting; but it should always be made use of with Unwillingness, as violent and dangerous Remedies are. Ever consider at a Distance all the Consequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foresee the most terrible Inconveniences, and know that true Courage consists in having an Eye upon all Dangers, and in despising them when once they become Necessary. He that is unwilling to see them, has not Courage enough to bear the Sight of them: He that sees them all and avoids such of them as are avoidable, and makes head against the rest without any Perturbation of Mind, is the only wise and magnanimous Man. Avoid Luxury Pride and Profusion: place your Glory in Simplicity; let your Virtue and good Works be the Ornament of your Person and Palace; let them be your Life-Guards, and let all the World learn from you wherein true Happiness consists: Never forget that Kings are not Kings for their own Glory, but for the Benefit of their People; the Good they do descends to the most distant Ages, and the Evil they do multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the most remote Posterity. Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus*; this Fear is the most valuable Treasure of the Heart of Man; you will find it accompany'd with Wisdom, Justice, Peace,

Joy, refin'd Pleasure, true Liberty, delicious Plenty and unblemisht Glory.

I now leave you, O Son of *Ulysses*; but my Wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always remain sensible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis time you now learn to go alone: I parted from you in *Phœnicia* and at *Salentum*, only to habituate you to be without my Company, as they wean Children when it is time to give them solid Food in exchange for Milk.

No sooner had the Goddess made an End of her Speech, but she sprung into the Air, and mantled herself with a Cloud of Gold and Azure, in which she dis-appear'd. *Telemachus* sigh'd, was astonisht and transported beyond himself: Prostrate on the Ground he rais'd his Hands to Heaven: Afterwards he went and wak'd his Companions, hasten'd away, and arrived at *Ithaca*, where he found his Father at the House of the faithful *Eumæus*.

End of the Tenth and last Book.



T H E





The Adventures of
ARISTONOÏS.

212.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ARISTONOUS.



L O N D O N:
Printed for E. CURLL, J. PEM-
BERTON, and W. TAYLOR.
1715.

THE
FURNITURE

OF THE
FURNITURE

20

L. O. V. D. V.

Printed for E. C. and J. P.
W. W. Taylor

1715

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After the *Adventures of Telemachus*, the Reader will meet with nothing more tender or work'd up in a more Masterly Manner than those of *Aristonous*. These two charming Pieces seem to have been dictated by Nature's self. The same Vein of Good Sense and Simplicity running throughout the whole, you will certainly not be displeased to see them both joyn'd together, tho' they are not the Product of the same Pen, as several Persons of good Judgment have assured me. The Preference is generally given to *Telemachus*, which must be own'd to be an incomparable Work. From It the Author of *Aristonous* has taken the Notion Style and Moral; so that if he has not the Honour of being the Inventor, he has at least this to recommend him, namely, that he has hit upon the Secret of imitating a Man who was esteem'd inimitable.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
A R I S T O N O U S .



Ophronymus, having lost his Patrimony by Shipwrecks and other Casualties, sought for Comfort from his Virtue, in the Island of *Delos*. There, to a golden Harp, he sung the Wonders of the God of that Island: He courted the Muses, and was favour'd by them: He made curious Researches into all the Secrets of Nature, he study'd the Revolutions of the Stars and Heavens, the Order of the Elements, the Fabrication of the Universe, which he measured with his Compass, the Virtue of Plants, the Structure of Animals; but principally he turn'd his Eyes inward and study'd Himself; meditating how to adorn his Soul with Virtue.

tue. Thus *Fortune*, by endeavouring to depress him, advanc'd him to true Glory, namely that of Wisdom.

Whilst he liv'd thus happily in this Solitude without the Goods of *Fortune*, he one day espy'd upon the Sea-shore a venerable old Man, a perfect Stranger to him, and just landed on that Island. This old Man survey'd with Wonder the Banks of the Sea, wherein (he knew) that this Island had formerly floated from place to place: He contemplated that side where the little Hills (cover'd with an everlasting Green) up-listed their Heads above the Sands and Rocks; he thought he could never enough admire the limpid Fountains and the rapid Streams which water'd this delicious Country; he advanc'd towards the sacred Groves which surround the Temple of the God; he, with wondering Eyes, observed that the sharp North Winds had never dar'd to blast their Verdure, and began to survey the Temple made of *Parian* Marble, which for Whiteness outvy'd the Snow, and was surrounded with lofty Pillars all of Jasper. *Sophronymus* was no less intent upon viewing this old Man: His Silver Beard descended on his Breast, his wrinkled Face had nothing of Deformity, he was still exempt from the Injuries of decrepit old Age, his Eyes display'd an ingaging Vivacity, his Stature was tall and majestic but somewhat stooping, and an Ivory staff supported him as he walk'd. What seek you, Friend, in this Island? said *Sophronymus*

to him ; you seem to be a Stranger here : If you look for the Temple of the God, you see it yonder and I am ready to conduct you to it, for I revere the Gods, and have learnt what it is that *Jupiter* requires we should do in relief of Strangers.

Says the old Man ; I accept of the Offer you so kindly make me : May the Gods reward your Love to Strangers : Come, let us go to the Temple. In the Way thither, he recounted to *Sophronymus* the occasion of his Voyage : My Name, says he, is *Aristonous* ; I was born in *Clazomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, situated on that delightful Coast which advances into the Sea, and looks as if it joyn'd to the Island of *Chios*, *Homer's* happy Country. I was descended of poor tho' noble Parentage ; my Father, *Polystratus* by Name, surcharged by a numerous Family, had no heart to breed me up, and so caus'd me to be expos'd by one of his Friends of *Teos*. An aged Woman of *Erythrea*, who lived near the Place where I was expos'd, took me up and fed me with Goats-milk in her Cottage ; but being in very narrow Circumstances herself, as soon as I was of an Age fit for Service, she sold me to a Merchant who dealt in Slaves ; he carry'd me to *Lycia*. This Merchant sold me at *Patara* to a rich and virtuous Man named *Alcinus*, and *Alcinus* took care of me in my Youth. He found me docile, moderate, sincere, hearty, and attentive to whatever useful Thing was taught me. He devoted me to the Arts which *Apollo* favours ; he caus'd me

me to learn Musick, bodily Exercises, and especially the Art of Surgery. I soon acquired a great Reputation in that necessary Art, and *Apollo*, my Inspirer, discover'd to me many wonderful Secrets therein. *Alcinus*, whose Love of me increased daily more and more, and who was over-joy'd to see the good Effects of his Cares over me, enfranchis'd me, and sent me to *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who amidst his incredible Felicity was still afraid lest *Fortune*, which had so long befriended him, should at last cruelly betray him. He was fond of Life which afforded him so many Delights; he fear'd to lose it, and resolved to obviate the least Appearance of Misfortune, and was therefore continually attended by the most eminent Physicians that could be procured. *Polycrates* was exceedingly rejoyc'd that I would live with him; and to engage me the more to his Service, he confer'd great Honours and Riches upon me. I resided a long time at *Samos*, where I could not enough wonder to see how *Fortune* seem'd to take a kind of pleasure in serving him to his utmost Wishes: He need-ed only to begin a War, and Victory would be sure to follow after: All he had to do was but to Will the most difficult things, and they were presently done, as if they acted of themselves: His immense Riches multiply'd every day: All his Enemies lay crouching at his Feet: his Health, instead of abating, grew stronger and sounder: For forty Years this peaceful happy Prince held *Fortune*

as it were in Chains; nor had she ever dar'd to play him false in any thing, or cause the least Disgrace in any of his Designs. Such a Train of Prosperity, so unheard of among Mortals, begat in me a Concern for him: I loved him with Sincerity, and could not forbear discovering to him my Apprehensions, which made some Impression upon him; for tho' he was soften'd by Pleasures, and elated with his Grandeur, yet he shew'd some sentiments of Humanity whenever he was put in mind of the Gods and the lubricity of human affairs. He permitted me to tell him the Truth, and was so touch'd by the Fear I had for him, that at last he resolv'd to break the Thred of his Prosperity by a voluntary Loss he wou'd impose on himself. I am sensible, said he to me, that there is no Man but ought once in his Life to experience some Rebuff of *Fortune*: The more she has favour'd him, the more ought he to apprehend some terrible Revolution. As for me, who have been so highly favour'd by her for so many Years, I must expect some desperate Hardships from her, if I do not divert what seems to threaten me: I will therefore, without more delay, prevent the Treacheries of this same caressing *Fortune*. With this, he pull'd a Ring from his Finger, of a very great Value, and which he had a mighty Esteem for; he threw it, in my Presence, from a high Tower into the Sea, hoping by this Loss to have satisfy'd the Necessity of suffering, at least once in his Life, the Severity of *Fortune*.
But

But this was a Piece of Folly caused by his Prosperity; for the Misfortunes which one makes a choice of and brings voluntarily on one self, cease to be Misfortunes; true Afflictions are only such as the Gods visit us with by forced and unforeseen Strokes. *Polycrates* was not sensible that the true Way of being before-hand with *Fortune*, was by Prudence and Moderation to detach one self from all the transitory Goods which she bestows. *Fortune*, to whom he sacrificed his Ring, would not accept of it, and *Polycrates*, in his own despite, seem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A Fish had Swallow'd the Ring; this Fish was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dress'd up for his own Table, and the Ring, found in his Belly by the Cook, was restored to the Tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that *Fortune* was so obstinately bent to favour him. But the Time was drawing near when all his Prosperity was at once to be changed into the most deplorable Adversity. The Great King of *Persia*, *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, enter'd into a War against the *Greeks*: He was not long in subduing the *Greek* Colonies on the Coast of *Asia* and the Neighbouring Islands which lye in the *Egean* Sea. *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant was conquer'd, and *Orantes*, who was Commander in Chief for the great King of *Persia*, having caused a high Gibbet to be erected, order'd the Tyrant to be hang'd thereon. Thus this Man, who had enjoy'd such prodigious Prosperity, and who could not even attain to
taste

taste the Misfortune which he had courted, fell from his Glory on a sudden, and perish'd by the most cruel and most infamous of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in danger from the Frowns of *Fortune*, than those who have enjoy'd her Smiles the most: That same *Fortune*, which makes her Sport of the most elevated Grandees does also raise from the Dust the most miserable Wretches; she threw down *Polycrates* from the top of her Wheel, and produc'd *Me* out of the meanest of Conditions to the Possession of great Riches. The *Persians* did not in the least despoil me of any thing that I had; on the contrary, they set a high Value upon my Skill in curing the Wounded, and admired the Moderation with which I liv'd all the time of my being in favour with the Tyrant. Those Persons who had abus'd his Confidence and Authority, were punish'd after sundry Manners. As for my self, having never done Injury to any Man, but, on the contrary, all the Good that lay in my Power, I was the only Person whom the Conquerors spar'd and whom they treated honourably. Every one rejoyc'd at my good Fortune; for I was belov'd, and had enjoy'd Prosperity unenvy'd, because I never shew'd the least Tokens of Hard-heartedness Pride Avarice or Injustice. I liv'd a pleasant Life some Years longer at *Samos*; but at last I was moved with a longing Desire to re-visit *Lycia* where I had past my Youth with so much delight: I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*,
who.

who had brought me up and was the first Founder of all my Fortune. Arriving in that Country, I understood *Alcinus* was dead, after he had lost his Estate and suffer'd the Miseries of old Age with much Resolution and Constancy. I went and bestow'd some Flowers and Tears upon his Ashes; I plac'd an honourable Inscription upon his Tomb, and enquired what was become of his Children. They told me that the only one that was left, *Orcilochus* by Name, not being able to bear the thoughts of living poor and mean in his own Country where his Father had made so great a Figure, embark'd himself in a strange Vessel, intending to lead an obscure Life in some solitary Island of the Sea. They added that this same *Orcilochus* shortly after suffer'd Shipwreck, near the Island of *Carpathus*, so that there was none left of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. I presently bethought myself of buying the House where he had liv'd, with the adjacent fruitful Fields that he had been Owner of. I was well pleas'd to see again those Places which recall'd to my Mind so pleasant a Time and so kind a Master. I fancy'd my self still in the Bloom of my tender Years wherein I had serv'd *Alcinus*. I had scarce purchas'd this Estate of the Creditors, but I was oblig'd to go to *Clazomene*. My Father *Polystratus* and my Mother *Phidilis* were dead, and I had several Brothers who were at variance among themselves. As soon as I arriv'd at *Clazomene*, I went to them in a mean Dress as a Man

Man that had lost all, and shew'd them the Marks with which you know People generally take care to expose Children. They were startled to see the Number of *Polystratus's* Heirs increase, who were to be Sharers in his small Inheritance. They were resolved to contest the Legitimacy of my Birth, and disclaim'd me for their Brother, before the Judges. To punish their Inhumanity, I declar'd that I consented to be as a Stranger to Them, and insisted upon their being for ever excluded from inheriting any thing that belong'd to Me. The Judges decreed it should be so, and then I produc'd the Treasure which I had brought along with me in my Ship. I let them see that I was that *Aristonous* who had acquir'd so much Wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos*, and that I was never marry'd.

My Brothers soon repented of their hard Usage to me; and hoping to be one Day my Heirs, they us'd their utmost Endeavours, but to no purpose, to creep into my Favour. Their mutual Quarrellings oblig'd them to sell our Father's Estate; I bought it, and they had the Mortification to see the whole Patrimony fall into the Hands of him to whom they would not grant the least Share; and thus they all became most miserably poor. After they had sufficiently smarted for their Fault, I was minded to shew them an instance of my good Nature; I forgave them, I admitted them into my House, and put them in a way of making considerable Advantages
by

By trafficking; I reconciled them all; they and their Children liv'd together peaceably with me; I became the common Father to all these several Families: By their Union and Industry they soon became Possessors of considerable Wealth. Mean while old Age, you see, is knocking at my Door; it has bleach'd my Hair and furrow'd my Face: It warns me that I have not long to enjoy so perfect a Prosperity. I was willing therefore, once more before I dy'd, to see that Country, which is so dear to me, and which I have more affection for than even my native Soil, *Lycia* I mean, where I had learnt to be good and wise, under the Direction of the virtuous *Alcinus*. In my Voyage I met with a Merchant of one of the *Cyclade* Islands, who assur'd me that there was still living at *Delos* a Son of *Orcilocus*, who trod in the Steps of his wise and vertuous Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately upon this, I quitted my Design of going into *Lycia*, and made the best of my way hither, to try if I could, by the favour of *Apollo*, find out in his Island the precious Remains of a Family to whom I owe my All. I can't continue long; the Destinies, Enemies to that sweet Repose which the Gods so rarely grant to Mortals, will soon cut the Thred of my Life. But I shall be content to dye, provided my Eyes, before they are depriv'd of the Light, can but behold my Master's Grandson. Speak then, O you who live in this Island, do you know him? Can you direct me where I shall find him? If you can shew

shew him to me, may the Gods in return grant you to dandle on your Knees your Children's Children to the fifth Generation! May the Gods preserve your whole Family in Peace and Plenty, as the Fruit of your Virtue! Whilst *Aristonous* spoke thus, *Sophronymus*'s Eyes gush'd with Tears from a mixture of Joy and Sorrow. Without being able to utter a Word, he threw his Arms about the old Man's Neck, he embraces him, he clasps him close, and with much ado forced out these Words, which were often interrupted by Sighs.

I am, O my Father, the Person you are in search of: You see *Sophronymus*, the Grandson of your Friend *Alcinus*; I am he, and I cannot question, by what I have heard, that the Gods have sent you hither to alleviate my Misfortunes. Gratitude, which seems to be lost on Earth, takes up its Residence in your single Breast. I had heard in my Childhood that a certain famous and wealthy Person, who was settled at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But *Orcilochus* my Father dying young, while I was in my Cradle, I had but a confus'd Knowledge of these things. I did not care to go to *Samos* upon an Uncertainty, and chose rather to abide in this Island, comforting my self under my Misfortunes, by contemning vain Riches, and by agreeably employing my self in cultivating the Muses in the sacred House of *Apollo*. That Prudence which accustoms Men to be satisfy'd with little, and to be easie
in

in their Minds, has hitherto supply'd with me the place of all other Treasures.

In finishing these Words *Sophronymus* perceiving they were now come to the Temple, propos'd to *Aristonous* there to offer up his Orisons and Oblations. They sacrificed to the God two Sheep whiter than Snow, and a Bull that had a Crescent on his Forehead between the two Horns: Afterwards they sang in Verse the Praises of the God who lights the Universe, regulates the Seasons, presides over the Sciences, and animates the Choir of the nine Muses. Having left the Temple, *Sophronymus* and *Aristonous* spent the rest of the Day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronymus* receiv'd the old Man into his Habitation, with the same Affection and Respect as he would have shewn to *Alcinus* himself had he been alive. The next Day they set out both together and sail'd for *Lycia*: *Aristonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful Country on the Banks of a River, in whose Waves *Apollo*, when return'd from hunting, cover'd with Dust, had so often bath'd his Body and wash'd his flaxen Locks. Along this River they found Poplars and Willows, whose tender springing Ver-dure conceal'd the Nests of infinite multitudes of Birds which never ceased singing Night or Day: The River, falling from a Rock with much Noise and Froth, dash'd its Waves into a Current that was full of small Pibbles. All the Plain was cover'd with a gilded Harvest, the little Hills which shot up like an
Amphi-

Amphitheatre, were loaded with Vines and Fruit-Trees. There, whole Nature was gay and smiling, the Air serene and calm, and the Earth always ready to deliver out from her Bosom new Treasures in reward for the Husbandman's Pains. Advancing further up the River, *Sophronymus* perceiv'd a plain and ordinary House, but whose Architecture was agreeable and according to the Rules: It had neither Marble, Gold, Silver nor Ivory, nor was the Furniture of Purple; all in it was neat, agreeable and commodious, without Magnificence or Ostentation: A Fountain sprung up in the middle of the Court, and form'd a small Canal, edged with verdant Tapisstry; the Gardens were not vastly large, but full of useful Fruits and Plants for the Nourishment of Man: On the two sides of the Garden were two Groves, the Trees whereof were almost co-æval with their Parent Earth, and their thick Branches form'd a Shade impenetrable by the Sun Beams: They enter'd into a great Hall, where they refresh'd themselves with such Fare as Nature supplies from the Gardens, and wherein there was nothing of those Dainties which Men send for so far and buy so dear in the Cities: There was Milk as sweet as that which *Apollo* drew from the Kine when he was Herdsman to King *Admetus*; there was Honey more exquisite than that of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymettus* in *Attica*; there was Pulse of the Garden, and Fruits which they had just gather'd; Wine,
more

more delicious than Nectar, streaming out of large Vases into well-carv'd Goblets. During this frugal but pleasant and quiet Repast, *Aristonous* would not sit down at Table: At first he try'd all the Ways he could, under various Pretences, to conceal his Modesty; but at last, being earnestly press'd by *Sophronymus*, he declar'd that he could not prevail with himself ever to sit down and eat with the Grandson of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited so many Years at the same Table: Here it was, said he, where that wise old Man was wont to eat; there he convers'd with his Friends; there he diverted himself at several sorts of Games; there he walk'd out with *Homer* or *Hesiod* in his Hand, and there he laid himself down to rest when Night came on. In calling over these Circumstances his Heart was liquify'd, and gushing Tears started from his Eyes. After the Repast was over, he led *Sophronymus* to view the pleasant Meads where the large Herds of lowing Cattle went ranging up and down on the Banks of the River; then they beheld the Flocks of Sheep returning from the fat Pastures; the bleating Ewes, with well-fill'd Udders, were follow'd by their little skipping Lambs: You might every where perceive all Hands at work, as if the Labourers were in love with toil for the sake of so kind and indulgent a Master who made himself belov'd by them and sweeten'd, to them the Pains of their Slavery.

Aristonous,

Aristonous, after he had shewn to *Sophronymus* this House, these Slaves, these Flocks, and these Lands which were become so fertile by careful Culture, address'd himself to him in these Words; I am overjoy'd to see you in the ancient Patrimony of your Ancestors: Now am I content, since I have put you into the Possession of a Place where I so long serv'd *Alcinus*: Be yours the peaceable Enjoyment of what belong'd to him; live happily; but be vigilant, and by your Foresight procure your self a calmer End than his. At the same time he made over that Estate to him by a Deed of Gift, according to the Solemnities prescrib'd by the Laws, and declar'd that he would disinherit his own Heirs, if ever they should prove so ungrateful as to contest the Donation he had made to the Grandson of his Benefactor *Alcinus*. But he did not stop here; before *Aristonous* parted with the House, he furnish'd it throughout with new Furniture in a plain and modest manner, but withal very neat and agreeable: He fills the Barns with the rich Presents of *Ceres*, and the Cellars with the choice Wines of *Chios*, fit to be serv'd up by the Hand of *Ganymede* at the Table of the great *Jupiter*: He likewise laid-in store of *Parmenian* Wines, with abundant quantities of Hony of *Hymettus* and *Hybla*, and Oyl of *Attica* almost as sweet as Hony it self: To all these he added innumerable Fleeces of fine Wooll, white as falling Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that feed on the Mountains of
Arcadia

Arcadia and in the luxuriant Pastures of *Sicily*. In this Condition he bestows it on *Sophronimus*: Besides all which he gives him fifty *Eutoick* Talents, and reserv'd to his own Relations the Estate he was possess'd of in the Peninsula of *Clazomene*, in the Neighbourhood of *Smyrna* *Lebedos* and *Colophon*, which were of a very great Value. This Donation being settled, *Aristonous* re-imbarks on board his Ship to return to *Ionia*. The wondering *Sophronymus*, being mov'd with such high Favours, attends him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him, all along as he went, his Father, and grasping him hard in his Arms. *Aristonous* soon arriv'd at his own Home by a prosperous Voyage. None of his Relations durst open their Mouths against what he had done for *Sophronymus*: I have order'd, said he to them, by my last Will and Testament, that if ever any of you oppose the Gift I have made to *Alcinus's* Grandson, all my Estate shall be sold and distributed to the Poor of *Ionia*. The wise old Man liv'd in Peace, and enjoy'd the good Things the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every Year, notwithstanding his great Age, he took a Voyage into *Lycia* to visit *Sophronymus*, and to offer up a Sacrifice on *Alcinus's* Tomb, which he had enrich'd with several curious Ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture. He had order'd that his own Ashes, after his Death, should be carry'd to the same Tomb, that they might rest with those of his dear Master.

Master. Each Year, in the Spring, *Sophronymus*, ardently longing to see him, turn'd his Eyes incessantly towards the Sea-shore, to see whether he could discover the Ship of *Aristonous*, which was wont to arrive in that Season: Each Year he had the Pleasure to see coming afar off thro' the briny Waves, the Ship that was so acceptable to him, and whose Arrival was infinitely more pleasing to him than all the Beauties which reviving Nature brings along with her after the Severities of a sharp Winter.

One Year it happen'd that this so long'd-for Ship did not arrive as usual; *Sophronymus* sigh'd bitterly; Sorrow and Apprehension were painted on his Face; gentle Sleep fled far away from his Eyes; the most exquisite Dainties were insipid to him; he was restless, alarm'd at the least Noise, was always looking towards the Port, and every Moment inquiring whether there was no Ship arriv'd from *Ionia*: At last he spy'd one; but alas! *Aristonous* was not there; it only brought his Ashes in a Silver Urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient Friend of the Deceas'd, and much of the same Age, the trusty Executor of his last Will and Testament, was the sad Bearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a Word, and vented themselves in nothing but Sighs and Groans. *Sophronymus* kissing the Urn, and watering it with his Tears, at length said, O thou good old Man, it is
you

you that was the Happiness of my Life, and now you are the occasion of the sharpest Sorrow I ever did or can feel. I shall never see you more; Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with You, and serve you in the Elysian Fields where your Shade enjoys the blissful Peace which the just Gods lay up for the Virtuous: You have in our Days brought back upon Earth Justice Piety and Gratitude: You have, in this Iron Age, given an Instance of the Goodness and Innocence of the Golden Times: The Gods, before they crown'd you with the Happiness of the Just, granted you here below a happy agreeable and long Life; but alas! that which ought never to have an End, is not always of longest Duration: I now feel no Pleasure since I am rob'd of your Presence. O dear Shade, when is it that I shall follow you? O precious Ashes, had you but Sensation, you would certainly feel the Pleasure of being mix'd with those of *Alcinus*: Mine shall one Day lie with you both; till when all my Consolation will be to preserve these Remains of what I most passionately lov'd: O *Aristonous*, you shall never dye; no, you shall always live in the inmost Recesses of my Heart: May I sooner forget my self than ever forget so amiable a Man, who lov'd me so much, and who lov'd Virtue so much, and to whom I owe my All!

After

After this broken Speech, *Sophronymus* placed the Urn in the Tomb of *Alcinus*: He sacrificed many Victims, whose Blood deluged the green-sward Altars that surrounded the Tomb: He pour'd forth plentiful Libations of Wine and Milk; he burnt Perfumes that came from the remotest East, and an Odoriferous Cloud whirl'd in the Air aloft. *Sophronymus* appointed Funeral-Games to be celebrated once a Year for ever at the same Season, in honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*. Thither People flock'd from *Caria*, a happy fertile Clime; from the enchanting Banks of *Meander*, which sports itself in so many Windings and Turnings and seems to quit with Regret the Country it waters; from the ever-wardant Banks of *Cayster*; from the Shores of *Paetolus*, which rowls beneath its Waves a gilded Sand; from *Pamphylia*, which *Ceres Pomona* and *Flora* strive who shall bedeck with most Profusion: Lastly, from the vast Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a Garden by the Torrents which fall from Mount *Taurus* cap't with continual Snow. During this solemn Festival, the young Men and Maidens, cloath'd in trailing Robes of Linnen, whiter than Lillies, chanted forth Hymns in honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*, for there was no praising the one without the other, nor could they separate two Men, who were, even after Death, so closely united.

What was most miraculous was, that on the very first Day, while *Sophronymus* was making the Libations of Wine and Milk, a
Myrtle

Myrtle Tree of exquisite Verdure and Fragrancy sprung out of the midst of the Tomb, and of a sudden rear'd its flourishing Head to cover the two Urns with its over-spreading Boughs. Every one cry'd out that *Aristonous*, for a Recompence of his Virtue, was transform'd by the Gods into that fine Tree. *Sophronymus* took care to water it himself, and paid it the same Honours as to a Deity. This Tree, instead of growing old, is every ten Years renew'd, and the Gods were pleas'd by this Miracle to signify that *Virtue which casts so sweet a Perfume on the Memory of Men, does never dye.*

F I N I S.

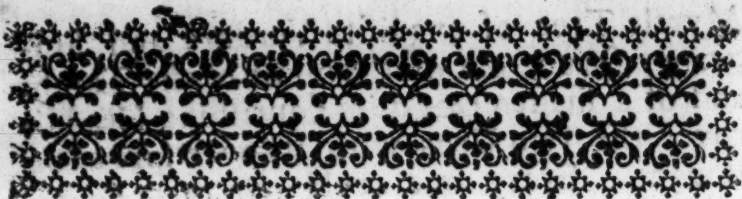
E R R A T A.

IN the *Account of the Author*, pag. 17. l. 17. r. seen, for *shewn*. Book 1. pag. 11. l. 13. r. the Island of the *Pheacians*, instead of *Phenicians*. Vol. II. pag. 147. l. 2. put a *Semicolon* after *spakest*. Book X. pag. 199. l. 4. r. *Justice*, for *Just*.

Vol. II.

L

A



A SPECIMEN of the ERRORS
committed in the former Version
of the Adventures of TELEMACHUS.

ACCORDING to my promise in the Advertisement, I had drawn up a List of two or three hundred mistakes committed in the former Version of *Telemachus*, but being afterwards told by the Undertakers of this Translation that Mr. Boyer, one of the Authors of the former Version, had been with them, and made pressing instances that they wou'd go upon a new Translation, and offer'd to do it for them, because he was ashamed of the Erroneousness of the other, I thought it enough to give only a small sample of the mistakes, and those none of the grossest I could have pickt out.

P. 307. *You will be present to your self in the greatest dangers, but know that Minerva will never forsake you: instead of, You will be expos'd to the greatest dangers: Vous vous trouverez dans les plus extremes perils.*

P. 359.



- P. 359. *As to the Faults of great Men, a Prince ought to be acquainted with 'em, and never make use of their service; instead of, As to any Faults of good Men, a Prince ought not to be blind to them, but still he shou'd employ 'em: Pour les defauts des gens de bien, il faut les savoir cannoitre et ne laisser pas de se servir d'eux.*
- P. 262. *Cremona in Italy, for Laconia in Greece.*
- P. 386. *Tender roses, for feeble bull-rushes: foibles roseaux.*
- P. 401. *Lybia in Africk, for Eubæa in Europe.*
- P. 435. *Bætica in Spain, for Bæotia in Greece.*
- P. 472. *What pleasure was there that I did not taste while I sat on the Throne! instead of, O what satisfaction, what luscious enjoyments I had yet to taste in that exalted condition! que de prosperitez ne me restoit il pas encore a gouter sur ce Throne!*
- P. 479. *Traytors who had abandon'd their Party, for Traytors who had betray'd their Country, livre leur patrie.*
- P. 538. *Combat for an embroider'd girdle, instead of, Combats of the Cestus, a Weapon they us'd to fight with.*
- P. 593. *That Capacity of Governing which is more than humane, does not consist in doing all one's self. It shou'd be, the qualification of him who is set over other Men (that is a King) does not consist in doing every thing himself. L'habilite de celui qui est au dessus des hommes ne consiste pas a faire tout par lui-meme.*

P. 597. *A Painter shou'd work from a regular Genius, all must be done by a kind of Irregularity and by Sallies.* This is flat nonsense by putting in the word *regular* which is not in the Original.

P. 620. *Idomeneus prest towards the Door,* instead of, *took his way towards the Haven, prit le chemin du port.*

P. 638. *Mount Rhodulphus,* for *Mount Rhodope.*

P. 662. *Fruits which they boyl'd,* instead of, *Fruits fresh gather'd.*

P. 668. *Ceres Pomona and Flora bedeck Pâmphyliæ even to envy,* instead of, *strive who shall bedeck it most; a l'envie; certatim in Latin.*

I might take notice of whole lines left out in many places, such as in Pa. 641. *He that knows not how to keep a Secret in his breast, both of them want Strength and Firmness of mind to restrain themselves.* It shou'd be, *He that cannot Wait and Suffer, is like one that cannot keep a Secret; both of them want firmness of mind to contain themselves.*



F I N I S.

William Gore
Grace Lake her Book

1741

13

Daniel

Daniel

note made

